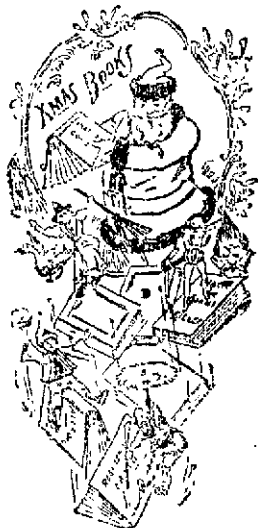


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Book Department.

We are offering a large and complete assortment of books at special prices for the holiday trade.

500 books, red buckram binding, gilt title, gilt top, rough edge, paper hardly distinguishable from finest hand-made paper. Among the writers are: Conan Doyle, George Eliot, Dickens, Hall Caine, Anthony Hope, Dumas, Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray and other celebrated authors.

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500 Poets, red line edition, hand-some gilt binding, price

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200 books, handsome bindings, special price,

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SAMUEL GULLY & CO.

W. H. GAYLORD.

Great Mark-Down Sale of

Cloaks and Capes.

Cloaks marked down to one-half the usual price to clear them out before Christmas.

Handkerchiefs!

Handkerchiefs!

Our large special stock of Christmas Handkerchiefs is now open. An early selection gives you the choicest patterns.

W. H. GAYLORD.

Oysters!

I am handling the celebrated Homan Oysters, put up in New Haven in bottles immediately after being taken from the water. Having sold out several lots of these and receiving many compliments regarding quality and having thoroughly tested them myself I have no hesitation in recommending them to all. Also, every Friday morning I receive very nice home-made

Doughnuts and Ginger Cakes.

Please leave your order early for these goods that you may not be disappointed.

M. V. N. BRAMAN,
12 State Street.

BY TELEGRAPH.

SPAIN IS ANGRY.

Condemns the United States for Filibustering Expeditions, and the Newspapers Talk.

London, Dec. 27.—The Madrid correspondent of The Standard says: "General Woodford's note dwells at length upon the Spanish complaint against filibustering and other moral and material assistance given in the United States to the insurgents, which the Washington government reasserts it has done all in its power to check, with the view also of satisfying the representations made by Spanish diplomacy. The Madrid papers say the note is so friendly and so laudatory of the present home rule policy in Cuba and Porto Rico that there is a general impression in official circles that the relations between the two governments have a decidedly reassuring aspect."

"At the same time papers of every shade of opinion, including the ministerial organs, censure very sharply the conduct of the United States government, and are unanimous in saying that all the complaints the United States pays the new Spanish colonial policy cannot make a proud nation tolerate the pretensions of a foreign government to have the right to criticize and condemn the conduct of Spanish generals and of the late Spanish government in dealing with the rebellion. They equally resent the American pretension to interfere in the Spanish West Indies which is so repeatedly claimed in the note and the presidential message, and more recently in Secretary Sherman's advocacy of relief for distressed Cubans. The press is most dissatisfied with the Woodford note on account of the arguments used to refute the Spanish complaints against filibustering. America is charged with infringing all the rules and usages of international law in order to suit the aims of its encroaching policy in the West Indies."

"It is an open secret that the note has caused surprise and displeasure in official circles, because the government had hoped that President McKinley and Secretary Sherman would refrain from increasing the embarrassments of the situation in Spain in consideration of all the concessions already made to Cuba. The government will likely replying to the note for several weeks, as the United States took nearly two months to reply to the Spanish note. When it does reply, Premier Sagasta will rebut the arguments of the note in a friendly but firm tone. The government cannot longer risk the accusation of not being in touch with national feeling, which is

getting very weary of American interference. The Spaniards think the note gives them an excellent opportunity to reply to criticism which naturally could not be challenged or noticed diplomatically when set forth only in the presidential message."

Tug Under Scrutiny.
Mobile, Ala., Dec. 27.—If the pilot boat Somers N. Smith of Pensacola gets out of this port with a filibustering expedition, it will have to run over the seaward in the river and the Montgomery off the bar. The Smith was here in August last, was docked and black-leaded, and went to sea at night, bound, rumor afterward said, to Cuba with 50 men on board and a lot of arms and ammunition. No trace of the expedition was afterwards found, and William B. J. Smith, commander of the Pensacola Pilots' association, presumably the owner of the tug, denied that the Smith was in the filibustering business.

Two weeks ago the tug appeared in Pensacola, and came immediately under suspicion. The newspapers said the Montgomery was watching her; that the Smith needed docking, but that the Mobile docks were too busy to take her. Nevertheless she arrived here Thursday and immediately went on the Mobile ways to be repaired. The manager of the ways saw the point on her does not need renewing. She is said to have been followed here by the Montgomery.

United States Marshal Simmons went on board the tug and had the boat searched, but nothing suspicious was found. The Seward dropped down the river and came to anchor just opposite the exit of the marine ways and has there with steam up. Persons from the lower bay report the Montgomery has been off the bar.

Transcible Editors in Spain.
Madrid, Dec. 27.—The Daily Impartial argues that in view of the character of the reply of United States Minister Woodford to the note of the Spanish government in answer to the first communication of the American government through him, it is necessary to increase the Spanish fleet against the possibility of a conflict with the United States. The Herald says: "The encroachment of the United States upon the internal politics of Spain has become intolerable and must be resisted energetically. The situation is difficult, but at whatever cost the government ought to put an end to a shameful state of affairs for the sake of the dignity of Spain."

CHASE BEATEN.

Englishman Outwheeled in His First Race With the Welshman.

New York, Dec. 27.—A speedier bicyclist than Arthur Chase, the Englishman, will have to be produced to wrest the laurel from James Michael, the Welshman. That fact became apparent to all who witnessed the contest for 20 miles between the pair Saturday night. Chase started at a rapid pace, but the little Welshman soon overtook him and at the end of the second mile was over a lap ahead. Michael gained another lap in the fourth mile and the spectators cheered the little "wonder" vociferously as he spun around the track like a whirlwind. Michael was simply invincible and at the finish of the fifth mile he gained another lap on his countryman. Both men picked up their tandem very cleverly. Michael's tactics on the exchanges were by far the better. He never allowed himself to be hurried in the least, while Chase bungled somewhat.

Michael kept up a heart-breaking pace and at the finish of the seventh mile was five laps to the good. At the finish of the 11th mile Michael spurred and gained another lap, which put him six laps ahead. In the 14th mile two of Michael's paces went over the bank but were not seriously injured. In the next mile, on the fourth lap, Michael ran high upon the Madison avenue turn and both men fell in a heap, and their paces also took a header. Michael remounted and kept on, but another lap to the good before Chase recovered himself. At the end of the 16th mile Michael was 13 laps ahead and going as swiftly as a swallow's flight.

In the 20th mile Chase felt heavily at the fourth avenue turn and was unable to go on with the race. He ran into two tandem teams and was badly cut up. In the smashup Chase's bicycle was broken. He borrowed Taylor's wheel, but had to leave the track. Had Chase been able to continue, however, he probably would have been beaten by about two miles, as Michael was almost at distance ahead of him when the accident occurred, and was rapidly gaining.

In Spite of Law, Too.
Cleveland, Dec. 27.—There is talk among steel men of a further extension of the scope of the new wire trust. It is said that efforts will be made to induce all the steel billet mills in the country to ally themselves with the trust, not as members, but as contributors. The trust will seek to induce the manufacturers of billets to promise not to sell to wire manufacturers that may possibly start outside of the trust, and in return the trust will promise to let billets from all these manufacturers as it may need them.

The object of this is to keep the billet makers in good humor and prevent their going into the wire business themselves. Those who are closest to the source of information express the utmost confidence in the carrying through of the plans for the formation of the trust, and it may be said that all the negotiations are progressing favorably.

The Farmers' Benefactor.
Chicago, Dec. 27.—Friday, which will witness the close of the great Leiter deal in wheat on the board of trade, bids fair to prove a memorable day in the trade. No great excitement is expected in the

BY TELEGRAPH.

STARVING MINERS.

Latest from the Klondike Shows That Food and Light Cannot Be Bought for Gold.

Skagway, Alaska, Dec. 17, via Seattle, Wash., Dec. 27.—John Lindsey, of Olympia, Wash., who has just returned from Dawson City, says there will surely be starvation there this winter. He examined into the food situation thoroughly, he says, and, after satisfying himself that there would be a scarcity, sold his outfit and with three others started on foot, each man drawing a sled, containing about 150 pounds of provisions. Lindsey said the Dawson people believe that there is no great amount of food at Fort Yukon, as has been alleged. The river rose sufficiently and remained open long enough to enable a food supply to have been brought from Fort Yukon had there been any there. The people of Dawson, believing there were not ample supplies at Fort Yukon, refused to go there, preferring to remain in Dawson. Not more than 300 or 400 people took advantage of the transportation company's offer to take people to Fort Yukon for nothing. Lindsey says the output of the mines will be greatly curtailed this winter because of the scarcity of food and light. Coal oil sold for \$45 a gallon, and candles are as high as \$10 a pound. Even if men were able to work their claims they cannot get light to do so.

These statements are borne out by all returning miners, quite a number of whom have reached here the past week. Few of them, however, take as gloomy a view of the situation as does Mr. Lindsey. Dr. Bradley of Roseburg, Ore., says that food is scarce, but he does not think there will be actual starvation. Neither do W. B. King of Merced, Cal., P. J. Bohler of Butte, Mont., Thomas Storey of Victoria, B. C., or Robert Glynn of Seattle, all of whom reached here this week from Dawson, the most of them having left there on Nov. 3. As an instance of the scarcity of food Dawson, Lindsey relates the case of

Dr. Van Zandt, formerly of Spokane, Wash., who, being out of provisions and money, offered a gold watch for a bag of flour. He could not get it and remarked to Lindsey: "God only knows how I am going to keep body and soul together."

Lindsey says 200 or more miners are prospecting at the mouth of Stewart river, but nothing is known as yet what success they achieved.

Henderson creek, five miles below Stewart river, and 40 miles from Dawson, is a promising seam and is being developed this winter. The thermometer registered 70 degrees below at Major Walsh's camp, 12 miles below Big Salmon on Nov. 20. The Yukon river, between Dawson and Fort Pelly, froze completely over on Nov. 18. The river is piled full of ice in ridges as high as a house, and a road will have to be cut through before dogs or horse teams can operate upon it. The outlook for taking supplies down to Dawson in the named ate future is not good.

Inspector of Mines McGregor left here a week ago with a number of dog and horse teams to make an attempt to reach Dawson with 20 tons of provisions, but nothing has since been heard of him.

"Bonfire" in Alaska.

Portland, Ore., Dec. 27.—The largest seizure of contraband liquor ever made in Alaska was brought to this city by the steamship George W. Elder from Dyce and Skagway. It consisted of 20 tons of liquors, and was made by Collector of Customs Ivey of Alaska, at Juneau, Skagway and Dyce. The liquor was packed in various kinds of packages for the purpose of deceiving the customs officers. Many of the packages were shipped as "baking powder," "hermes," "turpentine," and other devices were employed to get the liquor past the customs officials. The liquor represents more than \$10,000 in value.

EXPRESS TRAIN SPEED.

Providence Electric Got Away From Molormon on a Steep Grade.

Providence, Dec. 27.—What came near being one of the worst street railway accidents ever reported in this city occurred Sunday just before noon. A Camp street car bound for the center of the city ran wild, and despite all the efforts of the motorman in charge it rushed down the heavy grade on Olney street hill with the speed of an express train and shot across North Main street and into the corner of a frame building. The impact of the collision was so great that some of the heavy framework on the car was doubled up like a book, and the corner post of the building, which acted as a buffer for the runaway electric, was quite badly splintered.

How the occupants of the car escaped with their lives seemed nothing short of a miracle. There were about 10 passengers on the car at the time, besides the motorman and conductor. The injured are Mrs. Sarah Matulevsky, crushed and bruised in the abdomen and head cut; Conductor Irving F. Mott, shoulder dislocated and bruised about the upper part of the body; Charles H. Holmes, bruised about the right leg and back injured.

As soon as the injured passengers were taken from the broken car Mrs. Matulevsky was taken into a store near by and later removed to her home. There were evidences of internal injuries, but no fatal result was anticipated. One of the most surprising things was the escape of the motorman, Louis E. Morrow, who stuck to his post until some of the ironwork in front of the car had imbedded itself in the corner of the building. He escaped without a scratch, while the woodwork all about him was smashed into kindling.

Mr. Brown of England.

London, Dec. 27.—A special dispatch from Shanghai says: It is reported that 17 British warships are off Chemulpo, Corea, southwest of Seoul, supporting the British consul's protest, really amounting to an ultimatum against the king's practically yielding the government of Corea into the hands of the Russian minister. The protest is specially directed against the dismissal of McLeavy Brown, British adviser to the Korean customs, in favor of the Russian nominee.

The news has produced consternation at Seoul, which is heightened by the knowledge that Japan has a fleet of 20 warships awaiting the result of the British representation that Japan fully supports.

According to advices from Tokio, Japan has offered to assist the officers at Seoul in drilling the Chinese army and to consent to a postponement of the payment of the war indemnity. Many of the viceroys and Pekin officials favor the proposal.

According to a dispatch to The Daily Mail a British force landed at Chemulpo on Saturday and caused the reinstatement of McLeavy Brown. The same dispatch refers to "a native rumor that the union jack has been hoisted on an island in the mouth of the river Yang Tse Kiang."

Grade Crossing Accident.

Noblesville, Ind., Dec. 27.—A fatal accident occurred at Terhune, northwest of this city, Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. John Moore and Clara Brattain were returning home when a northbound freight train struck their carriage. Miss Brattain's skull was fractured and she died at midnight. Mrs. Moore cannot recover. Mr. Moore was slightly injured.

Baseball Pitcher Wounded.

Rockville, Ind., Dec. 27.—Isaac Dur-rant, who pitched for the Washington, Ind., Baseball club during the last season, was shot and mortally wounded while at a dance by an unknown assailant.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Colder.
Fair tonight and Tuesday except snow flurries possible, colder tonight with westerly winds.

HOLIDAY PRICES

are shrinking into mere nothings. The assortment is greatly reduced, but nothing compared to the prices.

All regular Christmas goods like Silk Mufflers, initial handkerchiefs, leather Sets, Bath Robes, Smoking Jackets, Pocketbooks and nice neckwear, selling at "clean out" prices.

A great many lines of clothing have been

Greatly Reduced

and it will be to your advantage to investigate this week.

Overcoats for men and boys in every conceivable style and make at greatly varying prices. Men's, \$5.00 to \$25.00; best sellers, \$8.50, 10.00 and 12.00. Boys, \$2.00 to 6.00; best sellers, \$3.50 and 5.00.

Men's Ulsters and Suits, Boys' Ulsters, Reefers and Suits at prices according to the sizes of the lot left, and you are sure of good value for they are new '97 goods and of the CUTTING-MADE North Adams kind. See us this week.

C. H. CUTTING & CO.,

Wholesale Retailers, Cutting Corner.



Clearance Sale

Of Boots, Shoes and Slippers. Christmas is over and I find my Stock many broken lots and will close them out this week at prices that can't fail to move them.

J. T. MULCARE,

Sole Agent for W. L. Douglas Shoes.

P. J. BOLAND'S.

What Shall I Give Him?

Save you. Once inside our store, you needn't ask the question twice. Shut your eyes and pick at random. You'll get something he will appreciate.

Umbrellas, close rollers, with natural wood handles.
Canes in great variety, plain and silver mounted.
Smoking Jackets in a variety of materials and colors.
Bath Robes, Turkish and Lambswool.
Dress Suit Cases, Alligator, Russet and Cream colors.
Silk Handkerchiefs of Japanese or Pongee.
Linen Handkerchiefs of the finest Irish linen.
Neck scarfs, flowing ends, four-in-hands, tecks and puffs.
Suspenders, web and silk.
Gloves for walking or driving.
Full Dress Shields, silk and quilted satin.
Cuff Buttons, gold, silver and enamelled.
Scarf Pins, man novel designs.

Besides collars and cuffs, shirts, night robes, pajamas and everything pertaining to gentlemen's wear. And coming from here, they are sure to be highest grade and correct in style.

Too much stock, too little cold weather!

The result—Some very striking bargains in good, serviceable, finely-tailored

Winter Suits and Overcoats

that must command the attention of everyone who looks for good quality for little money. Here is part of the story. All-wool suits \$4.50. All-wool cashmere suits, splendid values at 4.50, 5, and \$6. Strictly wool Kersey overcoats, blues and black, \$6. Everything in furnishings at the same low prices.

M. Gatslick,

RELIABLE CLOTHIER AND GENTS' FURNISHER.
(LOOK FOR UNION LABEL.)
66 Main Street. North Adams, Mass.

The People's Dental Parlors
9 Eagle Street.

Best Set of Teeth \$7.50

Painless Dentistry!

Teeth Extracted 25c. Gold Filling 75c up.
Silver Filling 50c. Teeth Cleaning 50

Teeth extracted and filled by our scientific method, positively painless and exclusively ours. Remember we guarantee all work and are specialists. Money refunded if we cannot prove to you that we use only the best materials. Gold crowns with solid gold cusp \$6. Crown and bridge work a specialty and in charge of an artist in the profession.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. LADY ATTENDANT.

AT WILLIAMSTOWN.

Still More Money Dug Up—Committees Appointed—Christmas Dinner at the Town Farm—Milk Wagon Smashed—A Handsome Calendar.

Committee Appointed.

The committee of arrangements for the annual concert and ball to be given January 1 by the Gale hose company, composed of C. A. Brown, William Eldridge, J. A. Cheever and Patrick Hastings, has appointed other committees as follows:

Floor committee—D. J. Connors, M. J. Crozier, Dr. Hill, Charles Burns, Patrick Dempsey.

Reception and refreshments—F. H. Daniels, William Eldridge, L. G. White, George Habb, Howard Leste Edgar Noel, Arthur Brooks, George Nicholas.

To sell tickets—E. B. Ensign, John Fitzgerald.

To take tickets—H. E. Edwards, E. C. Brown.

To manage dining hall—S. H. Roberts, Charles Horton.

Soliciting committee—J. A. Cheever, Harrie Fitzgerald, Patrick Dempsey, S. H. Roberts, Dr. Hill, Ray Allison, Lyman Norcross, Howard Leste, George Alderman, Ed. Thompson.

Committee on decorations—M. J. Crozier, D. J. Connors, E. B. Ensign, H. E. Edwards, Fred Chamberlain, Robert Colt, Dr. Hill, John Fitzgerald, S. H. Roberts, John Campbell, F. H. Daniels, Fred Goodell.

To procure dishes—F. H. Daniels, D. J. Connors, J. A. Cheever.

Soda water—Patrick Hastings, Edgar Fowl.

These committees will all work faithfully and harmoniously to make the ball a successful and pleasant event and one worthy of a generous patronage.

Christmas Dinner at Town Farm.

There are now only four inmates at the town farm, and they had as good a Christmas dinner as any one else. Treasurer Cole of Williams college arranged with W. J. Metcalf, the superintendent of the farm, to supply those in his charge with a good turkey dinner, and the order was faithfully carried out. The dinner was paid for from a fund left to Williams college by Mrs. Abby Burrall Mills, widow of Drake Mills, who died in New York in 1876. Mrs. Mills stipulated that the income from the bequest should be used to keep in order the family burial lot in the west cemetery, to provide the town's poor with a good Christmas dinner annually, and the balance goes to the aid of poor students. Owing to the fact that a former keeper of the poor, John Lamb, insisted on the privilege of furnishing the Christmas dinner at his own expense, but one payment from the fund was ever before made for that purpose, and the fact that such a provision had been made had been forgotten. In looking over college records recently it was found, and in accordance therewith, Treasurer Cole cheerfully took the necessary steps to see that this provision of the bequest was carried out this year, as it will be in the future.

Milk Wagon Smashed.

Abner Wright, who peddles milk for G. H. Prindle, got into quite a snarl the other day while unhitching the horse after returning from his route. He forgot to unbuckle one of the holdback straps and when he started to lead the horse out of the thills the animal was frightened and began to rear. Before the trouble was ended the wagon was thrown down a bank and badly broken, and the harness was also somewhat damaged, but the horse was not hurt.

Still More Money Dug Up.

While at work clearing away the depot ruins Friday morning E. L. Granger found \$93 in bills. The money was considerably burned, but the denominations of the bills could be made out and so they will be redeemed by the government. This makes a total of \$178 recovered from a loss of a little over \$200. It is remarkable that the money could go through such a fire and not be burned to ashes.

A Handsome Calendar.

Rev. Theodore Sedgwick is distributing among his parishioners a calendar having upon it a beautiful cut of St. John's church. It is a very neat and pretty calendar, and is highly prized by those who received it.

Will Dufraim, who was recently hurt, is gaining rapidly and he will soon resume his work as a brakeman on the Fitchburg railroad.

An adjourned meeting of the Cosmopolitan club will be held this evening for the report of the committee appointed to see about furnishing the new room.

Most of the business places were closed all day Christmas.

The Christmas entertainments of the Congregational Sunday school, held Friday evening, and the Methodist Sunday school, held Saturday evening, were largely attended and passed off very pleasantly, as was also the case with the Sunday school reception given at St. Patrick's church Friday afternoon. St. John's Sunday school will have a Christmas tree Tuesday evening.

Miss Carrie Robbins of Lansingburgh, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. H. Taylor.

The Fitchburg freight house is being moved 200 feet to the west in order to give more room between the building and the electric car track.

Mrs. Sarah Horton of Connecticut is visiting Mrs. John McLean of the White Oaks.

There will be a Christmas tree at Clark chapel Wednesday evening.

Noel Royal opened a meat market today in the Saverance block.

Mark and Charles Spooner talk of going to the Klondike to join the army of fortune seekers.

Miss Susan Brown of Northampton spent Christmas in town with her sister Miss Jane Brown.

Miss Lizette Orr of Wells' millinery store spent Christmas at her home in Adams.

There was good skating Christmas day, and the young people were out in large numbers to enjoy it. The older ones would like to see a little sleighing.

HARD TO COMBAT.

The Evidence of Our Senses. What North Adams People Say Is Pretty Good Proof For North Adams People.

When we see it ourselves. When our own ears hear it. When our neighbors tell it. Our friends endorse it. No better evidence can be had. It's not what people say in Maine, or distant mutterings from California. No deceiving echoes here. North Adams talk about North Adams people. Public opinion published for the public good. There is no proof like home proof. Home testimony at the back of every box of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Can you believe your neighbor? Read this statement made by a citizen:

Mr. Isaiah Warren of 14 East Brooklyn street, says: "My kidneys have not been right for a long time; my back was much affected; I had dull aching and soreness over my kidneys besides headaches and sharp pain when bending forward. From reading the papers I learned that Doan's Kidney Pills were effecting so many cures that I thought perhaps they would do as much for me and I procured a box at Burlington & Darby's drug store. They certainly helped before I had taken a whole box. I found the aching and soreness leaving me and I could sleep well nights. I know that they have been of very great benefit to me and I can highly recommend them for lameness in the back and inactivity of the kidneys. Anyone trying them for that, I am sure, will find them the same as I did."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Mailed by Posters-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

Smoking Statistics.

Holland holds the first place in the world as a nation of smokers. Every Dutchman consumes on an average 100 ounces a year. The Belgian comes a good second with an annual consumption of 80 ounces, followed closely by Turkey with 70 ounces and the United States with 60 ounces. Germany, France, Spain and Italy trail closely on their heels, while the United Kingdom comes comparatively low on the list with 23 ounces.—London Tit-Bits.

How to Toughen Paper.

A plan for rendering paper as tough as wood or leather, it is said, has been recently introduced on the continent. It consists in mixing chloride of zinc with the pulp in the course of manufacture. It has been found that the greater the degree of concentration of the zinc solution the greater will be the toughness of the paper.

A Great Play.

"I can't afford," said the man of moderate means, "to go to many places of amusement, but I am admitted free to the play with the longest run on record, 'The Struggle of Life.'"—New York Sun.

Queen Bess' Handwriting.

Queen Elizabeth wrote to Catherine de' Medici and her sons. Elizabeth's signature was always majestic, and so to speak, in full dress. But when she was on some crooked scheme intent the body of the letter was the merest shorthand. It must have been trying to read her letters. They had to be read to be understood. But they generally beat about the bush and were involved unless she was in a passion. Then she went straight and swift to the point, and the handwriting was as clear as her words.—London Truth.

An Ambitious Post.

"I will write a poem," exclaimed the poet, "that shall be immortal!" But he missed again. By the time it had been sent out and returned 11 times it was worn out completely.—Indianapolis Journal.

DARK SIDE OF BOSTON.

Tragic Ending to Unexplained Row in the Italian Quarter.

Knife Used With Deadly Effect on Two Combatants.

Suspicion That It Is of the Notorious Mafia Type of Crime.

Boston, Dec. 27.—The Italian quarter was the scene of a terrible tragedy Saturday night that is giving the police considerable trouble, owing to the reluctance of the people concerned who are living. Joseph Catalani, who kept a boarding house at 342 Hanover street, was almost instantly killed, his head being nearly severed from his body with a long knife; Saverio Quartario, 34 years old, died, after being removed to the city hospital, from the effects of a deep wound over the heart, and Saverio Carabi, 35 years old, the supposed murderer, is also at the hospital with two bad knife wounds in his leg.

There was trouble over something in the house, and the landlord, Bruno Cappacino and Quartario went to the street. There they encountered Saverio Carabi, who formerly boarded with Catalani, but left about two weeks ago after having some dispute with him. A general mixup ensued, during which knives were used freely. In the row Catalani, Quartario and Carabi were stabbed. Carabi was found concealed in a house on Webster place and sent to the hospital. Cappacino was also run down and locked up, and he and Carabi will be charged with the murders of the other two.

As is usual in cases of tragedies among Italians, it is stated that the trouble which ended in the killing really was the result of a feud. Catalani was well known at the north end, and was a frequent caller at the police station. Some four or five months ago he told the captain that he had had trouble with a man in Italy, and that he had been threatened with death since he came to this country. The captain advised him to swear out a warrant for the man's arrest, but this he refused to do, saying that he would be murdered surely then. These statements form the ground for a suspicion that the murder may have been planned by the mafia, and that the old feud in the mother country was the indirect cause of the tragedy.

WANT TOO MUCH.

Pastor of Lynn's Labor Church on the Arkwright Club.

Lynn, Mass., Dec. 27.—Rev. Herbert N. Carson of the labor church, in his Sunday sermon, discussed the document on the wage question issued by the Arkwright club. In his observations he said: "The Arkwright club, which is composed of manufacturers, has declared that labor legislation should be abolished and that the wages of New England operatives should be reduced to a level with the wages paid in the southern states. This is the Christmas message of peace and good-will which the workers of New England found in their stockings."

"The wage of the worker is the measure of progress and the standard of civilization. Every reduction means less business, less demand for goods, and more bankruptcy among manufacturers themselves. Every cutdown means a lower civilization and a lower grade of citizens. Cheap workers are always illiterate and automatic drudges. Where have all our modern inventions come from? Not from among the cheap laborers of the south. You can't raise inventors on \$1 a week. In Massachusetts 6 percent are illiterates; in North Carolina, 36 percent. Over 23 percent of the native whites of North Carolina are illiterate. In this state are 657 newspapers; in North Carolina there are only 200; and there are nearly half a million more books in our public libraries. The Arkwright club must remember that intelligence and speed count for something. In this state the average operative produces annually goods to the value of \$1820, and in North Carolina the average product is \$1115, or \$715 less than the product here."

"Even under the present conditions, capitalists want too much. The fabulous profits of the great monopolists have aroused them into a frenzy of emulation. If wages are lowered in the north they will be forced down still lower in the south. The Arkwright club will next be sending a committee to China and using their report as an argument for a second reduction; and they will discover that monkeys can be trained to run machinery and live on 4 cents a day; and they will assert that the national honor depends upon the immigration of apes and chimpanzees."

"The fact is that unless our manufacturers think more of the general welfare and less of their own dividends, the nation will be compelled to sanction such labor legislation as will turn over to the government the control of the whole factory system."

Fire in a Hotel.

New Haven, Dec. 27.—If the present clues which Detective Sergeant Denery and practically the whole detective force of the city are working on prove correct, an incendiary, who, it is alleged, made a second attempt to burn the Tontine hotel early Christmas morning, will be in police custody before many days elapse. Although the suspected firebug registered on the hotel book as R. Locke, Newark, N. J., he is thought to be one English of Jackson, Mass. Locke or English had been assigned a room on the second floor, but when the watchman was making his rounds shortly after 5 o'clock Christmas morning he saw the guest coming from the third floor and remarked to him that he was up quite early, but Locke made no reply, and at once hastened to his room. When the watchman reached the third floor he saw a reflection coming from one of the rooms, which convinced him that there was a fire in the room, and he at once gave an alarm that brought the night clerk and manager, George T. White, to the scene. With the aid of hand grenades the fire was extinguished with little damage.

The room was an unoccupied one, and it was apparent that a deliberate attempt had been made to fire the hotel. When the watchman related the strange coming down the stairs after a few minutes before he discovered the fire, suspicion was at once directed to him, and when Mr. White and a policeman hastened to the room assigned him, they found the room vacant, but the window open. The fellow had dropped to the roof of an old 10 feet below, and then over 20 feet to the ground. A previous fire occurred in the hotel on the night of Oct. 8, and the man who registered as Locke was staying there that night.

WASHINGTON BUD.

Miss Daisy Leiter Makes Her Debut Under Favorable Auspices.

One of the most notable events of the early Washington season was the party given the other evening by Mrs. L. Z.



MISS DAISY K. LEITER.

Letter to produce her daughter, Miss Daisy K. Leiter. There were present 400 guests at this coming out ball, including the Spanish, Mexican and Brazilian ministers and their wives and other prominent members of the diplomatic corps. There were many senators and congressmen present, and official society generally was well represented.

Miss Daisy Leiter, who is described as a young lady of rare beauty, is the second daughter of Levi Z. Leiter, the Chicago dry goods king who retired from business about a dozen years ago and leased the Washington house which James G. Blaine built, but could not afford to live in. Washington society was sedulously cultivated by Mr. and Mrs. Leiter, and they have given many magnificent entertainments at the big Blaine mansion.

Their eldest daughter, Miss Mary Leiter, was for a number of years a society belle at the national capital, and, according to rumor, had several narrow escapes from marrying a foreign title. She did the next best thing when she wedded the Hon. George N. Curzon, an English member of parliament and political secretary of the foreign office in the present Salisbury cabinet. That her social ambition was not altogether gratified by this alliance may be inferred from the fact that the queen declined to receive Mrs. Curzon at her drawing room, but accorded that honor to her distinguished husband. Mr. Curzon, like a true courtier, pocketed the affront, waited on his sovereign and left his American wife at home.

Joseph, the son of the house of Leiter, recently distinguished himself by cornering wheat on the Chicago board of trade. He is just out of Harvard, lives in fine style and in Chicago is regarded as a commercial phenomenon.

ONLY HARBOR MISTRESS.

Miss Fuller Boards Steamers and Collects Dues For the City of Tacoma.

Tacoma has the only harbor mistress in the world. Her name is Miss Fay Fuller, and she is a newspaper woman who has become very popular on the water front "beat" of the Tacoma News. Miss Fuller had been of great assistance to Harbor Master Henry G. Hedin of Tacoma in making up his voluminous reports, and when he became incapacitated through sickness Miss Fuller was appointed to fill his place. The necessity for filling the place immediately was the collection of



FAY FULLER AT HER DESK.

dues from some of the ships and steamers that had made use of the city's facilities. Miss Fuller knew how to make the collection, and she was entrusted with the municipal vouchers and collection books instead of ten seconds after being clothed with authority to act as harbor mistress by Mayor A. V. Fawcett.

Among Miss Fuller's duties will be the keeping of all records pertaining to the shipping business of the city. The tonnage of all vessels must be recorded, together with the names of their masters and their destinations. This will be no small task, as Tacoma's exports were \$5,821,816 and her imports \$5,393,975 during the last fiscal year, according to government custom house reports for the Puget sound district.

The salary of Tacoma's harbor master is \$75 per month, and the fees collected amount to many times that amount.

A few years ago Miss Fuller won distinction among mountain climbers by being the first woman to ascend Mount Tacoma. She declares that she will resign her office when Mr. Hedin becomes well enough to resume it. Then she will return to her newspaper work, which she likes better than anything else.

Machinery and Modern Farming.

The smallest implement upon a big wheat farm is a plow. And from the plow to the elevator—from the first operation in wheat farming to the last—each is forced to realize how the spirit of the age has made itself felt here and has reduced the amount of human labor to the minimum. The man who plows uses his muscle only incidentally in guiding the machine. The man who operates the harrow has half a dozen levers to lighten his labor. The "sower who goeth forth to sow," walks leisurely behind a drill and works brakes. The reaper needs a quick brain and a quick hand, but not necessarily a strong arm nor a powerful back. He works sitting down.

The threshers are merely assistants to a machine, and the men who heave the wheat into the bins only press buttons. The most desirable farmhand is not the fellow who can pound the "mauling machine" most lustily at the county fair. He is the man with the cunning brain who can get the most work out of a machine without breaking it. The farm laborer in the west today, whose machinery is employed, finds himself advanced to the ranks of skilled labor and enjoys a position not widely different from that of the millhand in the east. Each is a tender of a machine.—William Allen White in St. Louis.

PAGE 10. CHILD.

Here is the latest of an infant terrible who lords it over the home of a politician in this city, says the Toledo Blade: The minister came to the house the other day and the kid entertained him for a short time.

"I say, I'm awful 'fraid of the dark," was his first remark.

"You should not be," admonished the visitor, "for God takes care of you everywhere."

"I know it, and I say my prayers every night, but pop he don't have to, as he don't get home till 'most morning."

ACCESSORIES.

High Gaiters—Skirts For Dress Occasions. A Handsome Toque.

Women who are sensitive to chilly air and take cold easily will do well to wear high gaiters in the street during the winter. The gaiters should come to the knee and may be made of material to match the gown or of fine black cloth. Gaiters made to measure are very much better and warmer than those bought ready-made and are not at all clumsy if thin, pliable cloth is used for them.

Skirts for dress occasions are worn some longer, touching the ground in front and at the sides and trailing slightly at the back. The front and sides are also



TOQUE.

finely flat and plain around the hips, the flutes being thrown into a small space at the back and falling in flexible folds. Much less stiffening is employed, often no haircloth at all being used. Skirts are lined or have a separate drop skirt of silk, a revival of the style which obtained seven or eight years ago which promises to become universal, although it is yet too early to definitely prophesy about the matter. The average width of a skirt is now four yards or a little over, according to the height and size of the wearer.

Dark hats with light or bright costumes and light or even white hats with dark gowns are now the rule for more pretentious wear. Black hats and pale gray hats are both fashionable. A pretty example of gray headwear was seen, pale gray felt being trimmed with scarlet velvet and scarlet and gray quills.

The bon or ruche often matches the hat with which it is worn. The sketch shows a toque of pearl gray velvet draped all over and lifted slightly at the back, where red velvet chrysanthemums are placed. It is trimmed with shaded feathers in shades of gray, red and green. The bon is of pearl gray feathers and down.

Tariff on Woollens.

The tariff bill has passed and Woollens will be the highest. Now is a good time to lay in supplies. We have full line of our varied stock of Overcoats, Suits, Trousers, and goods for all kinds of ladies' wear, for both summer and winter. Elegant things for Ladies' Hosiery and Men's, old and new. Prices still low, quality high.

Blackinton Co.
Blackinton, Mass.

Boston & Albany Railroad.

Trains leave North Adams daily except Sunday for Pittsfield and intermediate stations at 6:30, 8:25 a.m., 12:15, 3:00, 6:00 p.m. Connecting at Pittsfield with Westfield, Springfield, Worcester, and Boston, also for New York, Albany, and the West. Timetables and further particulars may be had of

G. B. PATRICK, Ticket Agent, North Adams, Mass.
A. L. HANSON, G. P. A. Boston, Mass.



For sale by W. V. BURDETT.

Holiday Novelties!

Buy your Holiday Gifts of Jewelry and Bric-a-Brac where you can get a Cash Reduction.

WITH EVERY EVEN DOLLAR'S WORTH OF GOOD BOUGHT AT THIS STORE WE WILL HAND YOU TEN CENTS IN CASH. There is no deception about it. We do not have to raise prices in order to divide profits with a gift enterprise. Prices remain unchanged and are invariably marked in plain figures. Just glance over this list of Holiday Articles at prices from 25c to \$5—

Silver-backed Brushes and Combs, Silver-mounted Tooth Brushes and Brush Brooms, Nail Files, Glove and Button Hooks, Manicure Sets, Desk Sets, Bookmarks, Paper Cutters, Hat Pins, Stick Pins, Clocks of every kind, Cold Cream Jars, "Tunnel" Souvenir Spoons—

And a hundred other novelties to make eyes glisten on Christmas morning. All Sterling Silver warranted 925-1000ths fine. The famous Rogers' table silver—knives, forks, spoons, napkin rings, etc. And remember—Over 2000 Finger Rings in Stock! All Sizes. All Prices.

L. M. Barnes,
The Jeweler and Optician. Wilson House Block.

THE SMILE OF A CHILD.

The smile of a child to a weary heart, Like dew on the thirsty earth, Is a springing well whence raptures start In flow of joy from living worth.

The smile of a child is a gift from heaven, Brightening the way of toil; Like golden clouds floating at even, Bathing with beauty God's flower-gemmed soil;

Like incense as its fragrance waves And floats on the air the while 'Neath richly sculptured arches Or thickly peopled aisle.

Give me knowledge, give me health, But in grief and sorrow wild Give me the wealthiest known of wealth— The artless smile of a child.

—Clark W. Bryn in Good Housekeeping.

BLOWN OUT TO SEA.

Helpless Birds That Are Driven to Death by Fierce Gale.

Birds driven before the wind are tossed about relentlessly, and they rarely recover their balance after once being caught by the gale. Shore birds are either dashed upon the waves and made to swim for their lives or they are hurled violently against trees or other objects and killed. Shore birds, when facing a gale, will take every advantage of trees, houses and hills as defenses against the wind. They will close their wings and sink so close to the ground as to get the protecting shelter of a hedge fence, and then swoop up again with renewed headway. They frequently advance before the gale by a series of side evolutions, flying at right angles to the wind until they have attained considerable velocity, and then wheeling about straight against the wind and making some headway before it overcomes them. This operation is repeated continually until the desired place is reached.

During our fall and early winter, gales partridges and quail are quite frequently blown out to sea by a strong hurricane, where some of them have been picked up by fishermen. In nearly all such instances they are caught by the gale when high in the air, and before they can recover themselves they are hurried out beyond the shore and dropped into the water. With their plumage soaked with the spray they instantly become helpless and cannot reach the shore in the face of the wind. On our inland lakes and rivers this is a more common sight than along the ocean shore.

When once blown out to sea, the shore birds have little chance of escape. Unable to battle against the heavy wind, they yield themselves to their fate and drift about until the storm subsides. By that time they are likely to be so far from shore that they cannot reach it again, and they either fly or swim until they starve to death or die of exhaustion. Their dead bodies, along with those of the hapless gulls, terns and herons, are finally drifted upon some shore, where the waves leave them high and dry. After every heavy storm hundreds of such luckless victims can be found on the beaches of our Atlantic coast.—Our Animal Friends.

Ian MacLaren on Scott.

"Scott was all gold, and even the nuggets are not enough; the gravel ought to be sifted and the gold dust

gathered in, for Scott was such an amassment of knowledge, legend and poetry that he did not write by measure, but put his hand into his pocket and threw out money that any might pick it up. What one is afraid of is that Scott is being raised to the elevation of a classic, and that is the same thing as taking a man out of the house of commons, where he is an active figure, and placing him in the stately seclusion of the house of lords. I do not know a single page of Scott that is not readable, and I do not know a single page that would shake a man's faith or bring a blush to a woman's cheek. Why do not people read Scott as they ought to? Some say that he is not interesting, and others object to his style. Why, Carlyle himself brought the charge against Scott that he was amusing. Amusing! One of the grandest functions of fiction is to be amusing in the right sense—that of lifting up the weight and care of daily life from men's minds by leading them into regions of sentiment and romance."

The Nearest Approach.

An English tourist visited Arran, and being a keen disciple of Isaac Walton, was arranging to have a day's good sport.

Being told that the clog, or horsecy, would suit his purpose admirably for a hare, he addressed himself to Christy, the highland servant girl, "I say, my girl, can you get me some horsecy?"

Christy looked stupid, and he repeated his question. Finding that she did not yet comprehend him, he exclaimed: "Why, girl, did you never see a horsecy?"

"Naw, sir," said the girl, "but a wair saw a coo jump over a preshipie."—Rambler.

Significance of the Nose.

The nose, the form of which regulates the beauty of the other features, is by no means inaccessible to higher culture, for we have it on the authority of a German physician that it is beyond dispute that during half of an individual's human life the nose is capable of receiving a more noble form. The training of the individual, the culture of his intellect and character, has a very considerable influence not only on the expression of the face in general, but also on the bodily nature of the nose. The characteristics of the various shapes of nose, according to physiologists, are as follows: The small, flat nose found among women and called the subacute nose, when occurring with an otherwise agreeable and fortunate build of features, indicates a certain gracious and cheerful character combined with inconsiderate impulsiveness. Such a nose seldom is possessed by men, and when it is, it is an individuality characterized by weakness and deficient sagacity. A nose thick and flat is an unfavorable feature with men as well as with women, usually signifying that the character is predominately material and sensual instincts, while a turned-up nose, with wide nostrils, testifies a vain, puffed-up disposition. Deeply wide nostrils are signs of strength, courage and pride; small nostrils, of weakness and timidity. Nose-fragrance in every respect are found mostly among men and are masculine attributes.—New York Ledger.

Forgotten Stomachs.

Your stomach is only right when you are unconscious that you have one. Any distress after eating calls for Tarrant's Stomach Remedy.

It corrects acidity, aids digestion, and aids the stomach and bowels of disease-producing bacteria. Cures constipation and biliousness.

Sold by druggists for 30 years. 50 cents and \$1.

TARRANT & CO., Chemists, New York

Good Tailoring at the Lowest Prices.

Is what we want to impress upon your mind. To give you a stock of woollens for fall and winter to select from. A perfect fit, trimmings and workmanship the best.

SUITS—15, 16, 18, 20, and \$25.
TROUSERS—3.50, 4, 5, 6, 7, and \$8.

American Tailor, 31 Eagle St.

A Grocer's Card.

I am still alive, after being SHUT IN for so long a time, and I have on hand a large stock of the best goods in the market. Also a "Job Lot" of 50 barrels of Flour that I shall give to the first 50 customers for \$5.75 per barrel. Remember, it is no price for a No. 1 Flour, but it has got to be got into cash. ALL OLD WHEAT. Order at once, for it will soon be gone.

CITY CASH GROCERY,
Corner Main and Marshall. F. E. BENSON, Prop.

AT ADAMS.

At the Churches.

The masses at St. Thomas' church, Christmas morning, were attended by many people. At the solemn high mass Rev. Henry Coyne was celebrant of a solemn high mass which was the first since his ordination to the priesthood. Rev. Fr. Slattery, S. T. D. of the Catholic university at Washington, D. C., was deacon, Rev. M. J. Coyne, sub-deacon, and Rev. J. F. McGrath, master of ceremonies. Rev. Fr. Slattery preached an able sermon. In the evening solemn vespers were sung and Rev. Henry Coyne preached an eloquent sermon on "The World Was Made Flesh." It was his first sermon as a priest and its deliberation and composition bespeaks for him a successful future as a preacher of ability and worth. The sermon was followed by benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The church was handsomely trimmed with wreaths of laurel.

At Notre Dame church the different masses were largely attended and especially at the 11 o'clock mass when Rev. Fr. Fredette celebrated a solemn high mass. His many friends were present and wished the young priest a successful future. In the evening solemn vespers and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament were held.

At St. Mark's church the attendance at the exercises was large and the day's program was carried out successfully. The pastor preached a fine sermon appropriate to the day.

The singing at the various churches Christmas and New Year's order, and all the choirs rendered their selections well. P. J. Burns of Fitchburg and Thomas Palmer assisted the choir at Notre Dame church Christmas day.

Youman-Fifield.

The wedding of John A. Youman to Miss Carrie Belle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fifield, took place at St. Mark's Episcopal parsonage Christmas day at 5 p. m. Miss Margaret Ferguson was bridesmaid and Thomas F. Cassidy was best man. The bride was attired in a traveling gown of dark blue novelty goods and carried a bunch of bride roses. The gift of the groom, Rev. Dr. Zahner performed the ceremony. A wedding reception was held at the bride's home on Summer street where only the relatives and immediate friends of the young couple were present. The bride is an Adams girl, a graduate of the class of '05 and has taught for the past year at the Zyloune school. She is an estimable young lady and is popular among a large circle of friends. The groom is a cutter in the employ of the Greylock Shirt company and although he has not been in town but a few years, yet he has proven himself a young man of good character and ability and his many friends wish him and his young bride a prosperous and happy future. They are now visiting friends in Boston and vicinity and will be at the bride's home on Summer street next week.

Seniors Won the Debate.

The debate held at the high school room Friday morning between disputants chosen from the senior and junior classes proved very interesting. The question was "Resolved, That the United States Annex Hawaii." The disputants from the senior class were Miss Jessie Fairfield, Miss Abbie Snow, Miss Daisy Hicks, William Dunn and Michael Kling; the juniors were Miss Bessie Harmon, Miss Lottie Laferriere, Miss Rachael Ferguson, Rheinholt Ernst and Thomas Barrett. The arguments presented by both sides were well prepared and the points in favor of the respective sides were well taken. The winners supported the negative side of the question. The judges were Rev. O. L. Darling, Miss Celia Richmond and Supl. J. C. Gray.

District Court.

The case of the commonwealth against Lawrence Hamaiah for violating the laws of the road resulted in his being fined \$5. His counsel, Shaw and Harrington, took an appeal. Lawyer Cassidy appeared for the defense.

The continued case against William Little for breaking and entering came up and he was discharged. His counsel was Lawyer Cassidy.

Two civil cases, William Crockwell vs. Walter Potter and Joseph Setella vs. Joseph Peremba were also settled in favor of the plaintiffs. Lawyer Cassidy was the prosecuting attorney in both cases.

Enjoyed Good Skating.

Many young people from this town enjoyed skating at the Hoosac Valley park Christmas day. The ice was good and the electric cars were kept filled with young people whose cheeks were of a ruddy glow, that tokened the excellence of the sport. The managers of the park intend to keep the ice in good condition during the rest of the winter.

For the Crosier Medal.

The weekly shoot for the Crosier medal by the members of Company M was held at the rifle range Saturday afternoon. There was quite a good number of contestants and some good scores were made. The medal was won by Corporal Bart Millman with a score of 48. He had eight points handicap.

Received His Commission.

Lieutenant George J. Crosier who took the examination before the examining board at Boston last week, has received his commission as first lieutenant of Company M. His many friends are pleased with his success, and congratulations for the young officer are surely in order.

W. B. McNulty of Hudson, N. Y., spent Christmas at his home on West street.

James D. Anderson of Greylock was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Perry on Murray street Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Garvey and son, Bernard, visited Mrs. Frank Cassidy at Maple Grove Christmas day.

Timothy Hoxley of North Adams spent the past few days with his brother, James Healey of Myrtle street.

Miss Anna Flaberty of Chelsea visited Adams friends Sunday.

Miss Margaret Burke of Pittsfield spent Sunday in town.

ENORMOUS WEALTH.

VALUE IN POUNDS OF SOME OF LONDON'S GREAT PLACES.

The Underground Railway at \$150 an Inch.—The Bank of England—Immense Riches Represented in Museums, Art Galleries, Churches and Bridges.

"Have you ever thought what London is worth?" remarked a valuer to the writer the other day, "and will you believe me when I tell you that all the money in the world piled up in one enormous heap would not buy the treasures on which Londoners may gaze at will every day of their lives?"

There was "copy" in the idea, and I took my valuer friend round London on valuing intent.

We came to town on the underground. "Two thousand yards of this railway," said my friend, "cost £2,000,000, or, if you like to have it so, £30 an inch. If you wanted to buy this bit now, you would probably be asked £5,000,000 for it. There is another mile on the same line which would cost you something like £2,000,000, having cost a third of a million to lay down. But that is comparatively moderate. If the electric railway were put up to auction and you were fortunate to get it at cost price, you would need the wealth of seven millionaires to buy it. Those 3½ miles of railway are worth quite £12,000,000 as prices go nowadays.

"Get out at this station and look at the monument. You would not buy it for £20,000. In five minutes you will be at the Mansion House, which cost a mere £70,000 to build, but is now worth nearer £750,000. The Royal Exchange, as a building of bricks and mortar, is worth £200,000, but it stands on land worth £2,000,000. Not long ago land in this neighborhood was sold at the rate of £2,000,000 an acre.

"The Bank of England would probably fetch £4,000,000 in the market, but as there is always £20,000,000 worth of gold in the cellars its standing value is about £24,000,000. Go westward over Holborn viaduct and remember that that short stretch of highway is worth over £2,000,000. You would want nearly £2,000,000 to buy the general postoffice, which you have just passed, and the law courts, with the land on which they stand, are worth £2,500,000.

"Walk along the Strand and stand for five minutes on Waterloo bridge. The property you see here would make dozens of your friends millionaires at a stroke. Two million pounds would not buy those two hotels, and Somerset House, at building cost only, is good for £500,000. The bridge you are standing on was a disastrous failure when it was built, but it is worth now more than the £1,000,000 which it originally cost. There are seven bridges on either side of you, which cost between them over £4,000,000. The tunnels underneath the river are worth millions as a commercial property, and the embankment is now worth probably double the £2,000,000 which it cost to make.

"If St. Paul's were private property, you might induce the owner to sell it for £10,000,000, but the likelihood is very remote. Those tattered banners which you have seen so often would arouse pretty keen bidding at the sales, and if you got one for £10,000 you might think yourself extremely lucky. Westminster abbey is difficult to value. It is one of those things that cannot be bought, but the sales give us some idea what historic treasures are worth in the market, and I should not be surprised if the abbey—put up in lots—realized £50,000,000. Fancy putting a ticket on Jacob's pillar or the royal tomb!

"You have admired the magnificent exterior of the houses of parliament and the splendid interior, but you will perhaps be surprised to know that they cost not more than £10,000,000. St. Thomas' hospital, and the Albert embankment running along the front of it, are worth together over £1,000,000, and the bridge leading to it cost £250,000.

"Perhaps you have never reflected what a privilege you enjoy in being able to visit so many places free. The British museum, which anybody can see for nothing, could not be bought up by all the millionaires in America. If it were absolutely empty, it would be worth £1,500,000, and it is full of priceless treasures, one collection alone being worth nearly £250,000. The National gallery is worth millions. It cost, with the new Tate gallery section, £250,000 to build, and has one picture which cost £14 an inch and 38 others which cost £1,700 apiece.

"The Albert hall and Royal aquarium are each worth about £250,000, but the Crystal palace cost more than three times the value of both these, the bill for the palace being £1,500,000. Earl's court, the great show rivaling the palace, has millions' worth of treasures which you can see for 1 shilling, and even when it is empty the 25 acres of gardens and buildings are worth £800,000.

"The hotels and public houses of London could not be bought up for £20,000,000, to say nothing of the land on which they stand. Two of them pay £450 a week between them in ground rent. Buckingham palace is not very gorgeous, but it is worth £4,000,000 as it stands, and if you wanted to rent it privately you would have to pay £4,000 a week for it. Devonshire House and Lansdowne House, in Piccadilly, would cost you £1,000,000, but you would not expect the picture galleries thrown in at this price. They are worth hundreds of thousands."—London Tit-Bits.

Without Benefit of Clergy.

Miss Prunty—Oh, dear! So you were on the City of Peking when she went down? How many souls were lost? Captain Sir—All of 'em that was drowned, damn. She went down so blundered sudden they wan't no time for deathbed repentances.—Brooklyn Life.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having residences in the city must clear the sidewalks in front of their residences of snow and ice within 24 hours of the time of snow fall or ice formation. Neglect to comply with this order will make any offender subject to the law's penalty. By order of COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

Greenfield.

Greenfield, Mass. Policy contracts are liberal, concise and just. E. A. Hall, Pres., H. O. Edgerson, Sec.

OLD MAN AND YOUNG WIFE.

A Washington Joke Who Sees All Sorts. Weary of the Jay With a Bride.

"But of all married couples the old jay with the young wife makes me most tired. The old duffer tries to put on a dignified air when many people are around, but wait until he gets a chance to smile at his young bride. It's awful. The smile is that of a possum which has been treed and knows there is no escape. I mean that it's sickly. Half of them may be putting on with the innocent girl. Three days ago I had one of these old jays in tow. What do you suppose he said to his wife? I was taking them from the White House to the treasury and passed by the fountain which contains so many pretty goldfish. 'Oh, look at the beautiful little things,' he said, with a grin at his wife. 'You are prettier than any fish in that pond.' She said, 'Oh! Well, I wanted to throw him in, but of course I was looking out for the coin.'

"Here comes a newly married couple. Anybody could tell that. You see, he has his wife by the arm and is looking down into her face with an air of contentment that is enough to make my blues leave me to see. I noticed that couple coming up Pennsylvania avenue 20 minutes ago. He was holding her arm then. He will stick to the job until they reach their hotel this afternoon. He is not afraid she will escape, but he thinks that is part of a new groom's business. You see, he helps her up the steps and points out things to her. He tells her that is so and so. Nine chances out of ten it is something else. He feels that he is bound to say something. I have seen many of these young know alls point out the Corcoran Art gallery as the patent office and pass the state, war and navy building off as the residence of General Miles or as the new city postoffice. The innocent bride stares in wonder and thinks it's so. She believes her darling Henry knows all about it.

"It's very different with the man who has been married several years. He and his wife see for themselves. He stops and looks at a thing which interests him. She goes on and stops to look at something which interests her. They are generally 20 yards apart. If he tells her that a building is such and such, she disputes the point and thinks it's something else."—Washington Star.

IODINE ON FINGERS.

Treatment of the Hands of Pianoforte Pupils Who Practice.

A modest appearing young woman entered a drug store on Madison avenue one morning recently, and, walking to the end of the counter nearest the prescription department, mutely held out both hands toward a clerk who chanced to be standing in that particular place. The clerk, equally mute, reached behind a screen and brought out a blue glass bottle, from which a brush handle protruded. After stirring the contents of the bottle with the brush for a few seconds the clerk daintily brushed the tips of the young woman's fingers with the mixture, leaving a dark stain around the top of each finger nail. With a pleasant nod of her head and low murmuring thanks the young woman quickly withdrew from the store and the blue glass bottle was put back in its hiding place.

Observing a puzzled expression on the face of an old patron of the store who had come in to get a cigar, the clerk said, "Iodine."

"What for?" asked the smoker. "Prevents the fingers from getting sore," replied the clerk. "She is from the musical conservatory, where she practices on the piano three or four hours a day. In order to prevent the finger nails from coming in contact with the ivory keys she has them cut very short, and we apply iodine to take the soreness out of the ends of the fingers after they have been subjected to three or four hours of pounding. Most piano players, you will observe, have their finger nails cut to the quick, so that no clicking sound is emitted when they strike the keys. We keep a bottle of iodine and a brush for the special use of the pianoforte pupils of the conservatory. They come in here for treatment two or three times a week and pay by the month."—New York Times.

The Mixed Menu.

The traveling men in eastern Maine have added a new story to their repertoire, a Hancock county man being the subject. During the musical festival at Bangor, they say, John stopped into a Bangor hotel for dinner. Now it happened that the hotel man had leased the off side of his bill of fare to a local carriage manufacturer, who placed an "ad." thereon, with illustrations. John sat at the table. The waiter, being in something of a hurry, by mistake passed the bill wrong side out. John saw the wheels, put on his spectacles, curled his mustache with his left hand, straightened up, looked at the girl and said: "I'll take scrambled eggs, a Bangor baggy, a couple of punts and a road cart. Got any wheelbarrows?" The girl flew.—Lewiston Journal.

The Good Die Young.

One Neighbor—Don't you ever have any fears that you won't be able to raise that boy of yours? Second Neighbor—To tell you the truth, I do. "The good die young," you know.

"I wasn't thinking of that. I was wondering if you had no fears that some madheaded man would brain him with an ax for blowing that tin horn all day long."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wildcats are extremely variable in size, some kinds being no more than two feet in length, while others are five. The smallest varieties of wildcats are about the size of the domestic variety.

The London Chronicle says that the baked banana is the ideal food for nervous and anemic brain workers.

Life Insurance. If you avoid the passing cost of the old-fashioned, post-mortem insurance plan as well as the excessive cost of Old Line insurance, insure with too.

Greenfield, Mass. Policy contracts are liberal, concise and just. E. A. Hall, Pres., H. O. Edgerson, Sec.

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THE MAHIMAH.

A Wonderful Parrot of India Which, the Natives Claim, Thinks.

A little bird in town did a surprising thing the other day, though that is the middle of the story. The first of the story is that a woman who had lived many years in India and who has a love for all things Indian was walking along the street and saw in the window of a bird store a green parrot with red spots on its wings.

"That bird," she said to herself, "came from India. I will go in and speak with it. Perhaps it speaks the vernacular."

So she went in and spoke to it in the vernacular of India.

"Do you speak the language?" she said. It is the common question which the people ask of a parrot in the land from which the bird came. But the creature made no answer. It stared at her with dull eyes and was not interested. Still she persisted.

"Come," she said. "Surely you speak the language? What do you want? Are you hungry? Is poor Polly lonesome away off here? Come, come, you speak the language."

Still the bird made no answer, but from away back in the dusk of the room came a clear little bird voice in Hindoostanee:

"I speak the language. I also, I speak it."

The birdseller did not notice the cry. It is merely the chattering of a foolish little bird to him. But the woman who loved India said:

"Where is that bird?"

"It's back there," said the birdseller, pointing to a remote corner. So the woman went there, and in an old cage she found a neglected looking mahimah, standing erect on its perch, all its feathers ruffled, looking this way and that as it quivered with excitement. "This bird of all talking birds is the most wonderful—nay, in India they maintain that it thinks. It learns, in fact, the tongue of the people, they say, and does not speak by rote, but it converses. At any rate the mahimah cried:

"I speak the language. I speak it."

"Here I am, brother," cried the woman. "I am one who speaks it too."

The bird fixed one sharp eye on her. "You are little," he said disdainfully, putting his head down in his feathers to indicate how little she was.

"You are little, but I am large," and then he stood erect with his head thrown back and looked down on her.

It said other things, too, while the bewildered bird seller stood by and listened, astonished that the bird had any value or that any one could understand it.

"How much will you take for the bird?" asked the woman.

"Twenty dollars," said the man. The price had gone up in the last ten minutes.

"Where did you get it?"

"A sailor brought it here, and I bought it of him. He had come from New York and was going to San Francisco. He said he was tired of lugging it over the country."

"He must have come from some place where there are Lasars."

"I do not know. Will you take the bird, ma'am?"

But the woman could not afford that, so she called back:

"Salaam, little brother."

"Salaam," said the bird.—Chicago Chronicle.

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The Transcript

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BY THE TRANSCRIPT PUBLISHING COMPANY, H. G. ROWE, Pres. C. T. FAIRFIELD, Treas.

THE TRANSCRIPT BUILDING, BANK STREET, NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

"WE HOLD THE WESTERN GATEWAY."

MONDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 27, '97.

Advertisers in THE TRANSCRIPT are the best business men in this community.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

Business during the holiday season has been better, the country over, than for five years before.

Wheat and grain has risen in price during the week past, and the West is accordingly in good business spirits.

The cotton business has a bad look. Cotton goods have further declined in prices of bleached which met active southern competition, and the Fall River spinners insist upon a reduction of one-ninth in wages.

Woolen mills have begun buying domestic wool heavily, especially Montana and Territory, as if assured of large business for the season about to open.

Shipments of boots and shoes from the East in December have been 23 per cent. larger than last year.

The stock market has been erratic, within narrow limits for most stocks, though coal carriers are especially strong.

THE FIRST MCKINLEY CHRISTMAS.

The first McKinley Christmas has come and gone. It has been more than a year since the people of this country decided for McKinleyism as against Bryanism.

After a protracted illness of consumption, Emily, wife of William F. Corkum, died Sunday at her home, 42 Cadby street in the 58th year of her age.

Mrs. William F. Corkum.

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IN THE HINTERLAND.

WEALTH OF WEST AFRICA THAT FRANCE AND ENGLAND ARE AFTER.

The Trademark of the Two European Countries Are Engaged in a Struggle For Conquest Which May Call For Arbitration to Prevent a War.

James Pinnook, African merchant of Liverpool, who was one of the original promoters of the Royal Niger company and director for many years, in the course of an interview with a representative of The Daily Mail, said: "I went out to west Africa 40 years ago and visited almost every port and place in that region, including the Niger, many times, and my business has been with west Africa ever since."

The government revenue is increasing. It will be \$2,000,000 more this month than last. Let the critics of the Dingley bill have that fact for ready reference.

President McKinley sends out an appeal to the people of this country to stop the starving Cubans. He could with better grace send word to Madrid: "Let this inhuman war stop."

He's living now somewhere up in the stars.

J. Pierpont Morgan is now planning to control the entire coal output for the Eastern market another year and make a clean \$40,000,000 profit.

An interesting point of difference between the Catholic and Protestant translation of the most marked Christmas sentiment of the Bible is this: Whereas the Protestant translation is "And on earth peace, good will toward men," the Catholic prayer book translates the same passage "and on earth peace to man of good will."

The date of John O'Neill's execution at Greenfield is set for a week from next Friday. The condemned man's only hope for life is in the governor and his council's possible consent to changing the death sentence to a life prison sentence.

The tragic death of Marshall Newell on the B. & A. tracks at Springfield last Friday evening was sad indeed. Not because he was one of the greatest football players that ever went on the gridiron, but because he was a young man who carried his football pluck out into the world with him.

Senator Mark Hanna has a fight on 11 hands of mammoth proportions. The Ohio legislature is Republican but is necessary for Hanna. The Porcine crowd is after him and his senatorship, and feathers and fur are flying all over the Buckeye state.

The Salvation army does a vast amount of good although it does receive the jibes of many. On Christmas day over 3,000 poor children in New York city were given a Christmas dinner by Ballington Booth's volunteers.

Mayor Houghton has again given his salary of \$1000 to the North Adams hospital. This is only another mark of his generosity toward this city.

North Adams yesterday elected for mayor Mr. H. Torrey Cady over Mr. Harry R. Hamer by a majority of 150, in the largest vote ever cast in this city.

No one thing was more enjoyed by all the people of this city Christmas day than the ringing of the chiming of St. Francis church. Whenever they ring out, their melody is always welcome music to the people of this city.

One of Charles Lamb's friends said to him that he had never seen Wordsworth.

If you are starting on a long walking tour, thoroughly soap the inside of your stocking heel with the common yellow soap used in laundries.

All lovers are alike, and that is why they correspond.—New Orleans Picayune.

VICTIMS OF GOITER.

The Disease Is Brought on by Drinking Snow Water.

The valley of the Rhone has been quite noted for its goiter victims, although I am happy to say that through the increased watchfulness of the authorities there now is an abatement of the disease.

The experiment has been made where the water of certain wells was used to the exclusion of all other water. Within a short time goiter symptoms began to manifest themselves where none had been before.

The strict geography of the country is only understood by a very few. Our knowledge of the hinterland, however, has increased immensely during the past few years, and to instance one particularly large territory I would point out that the French flag is already flying at innumerable towns and stations extending from 4 degrees east longitude to 3 degrees west longitude.

It is from the interior, however, that the future great wealth of Africa will be derived, and if all this is allowed to fall into the lap of France she will be possessed of an empire second only if not equal in the future to the whole of our Indian empire.

Occasionally there does exist throughout this hospitable land a hotel which does not require a certificate as to a person's ancestry, status in life, past history and future movements before its clerk permits one the privilege of a room.

But the train was gone. A lone man perched at the end of the platform explained in a bored way in the face of their indignation that it was 15 minutes and not 1 hour and 15 minutes that the train stopped.

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*Hot muffs, piping hot with maple syrup, at Hensford's, Day and night.

*We have a fine supply of sorted hard wood, both sawed and split. Call write or telephone T. W. Richmond's coal and wood office.

*Best coal, fresh supplies received every day. Orders promptly filled. Call, write or telephone T. W. Richmond's coal and wood office.

*Colman's "Hudson Club" cigar, 5c.

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Engraving.

You get by far the best work in the city of

DICKINSON JEWELER AND ART DEALER NORTH ADAMS.

COLUMBIA OPERA HOUSE.

Monday, Dec. 27.

Eugenie Blair

and her own company in a grand production of Dumas'

Camille

PRICES—35—50—75—\$1.



NO USE WAITING FOR THE TRUST TO BREAK

SHOWED HIS BAGGAGE.

There Wasn't Much of It, but It Satisfied the Clerk.

It is not always necessary to travel with three or four suitcases, a dress suit case, a bundle of rugs and a bird cage in order to obtain good accommodations at hotels.

Occasionally there does exist throughout this hospitable land a hotel which does not require a certificate as to a person's ancestry, status in life, past history and future movements before its clerk permits one the privilege of a room.

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Horse Blankets.

You will find here what is probably the largest assortment of Horse Blankets in the city. All qualities at a wide variety of prices. Anything you want in horse goods for winter—Fur robes, Sleigh Bells, Fur Coats and Goggles, etc.—you can be sure of finding here at the lowest price possible.

E. VADNAIS,

42 and 44 Center Street.

North Adams, Mass.

California in 3 Days

THE PACIFIC EXPRESS

Leaves Chicago 10.30 p m every day in the year. Through Palace Sleeping Cars Chicago to Denver and Portland with through Sleeping Car accommodations to San Francisco and Los Angeles; also through Tourist Sleeping Car Service Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland.

ALL PRINCIPAL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY, OR ADDRESS H. A. GROSS, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 423 Broadway, NEW YORK, or J. E. BRITTAIN, New England Passenger Agent, 363 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

INSURANCE of All Kinds.....

Tinker & Ransford

0 100 over Adams National Bank, North Adams, Mass. The Leading Agents

Many Beautiful Presents

Have been sent out of our store during the past week. But we have enough for all. Our Fancy Rocking Chairs in solid mahogany, plain or cobbler seat, are selling very fast.

The children are leaving orders for Santa Claus every day. They say those doll carriages, shoo flays, galloping horses, sleds, rocking chairs and jumpers are just what they need.

A few more of those Jardiniers left. Have you seen them? You cannot find them anywhere in the city to compare with ours in style and price. Our mahogany-finished rocker, with upholstered seat and back, for \$3.98, beats them all.

If you want PICTURES you will find them here—an endless variety to select from.

J. H. CODY,

Furniture and Undertaking. 22 to 30 Eagle Street.

Agent for Acorn Stoves and Ranges.

As we journey through LIFE, let us stop by the WAY.

Are you anticipating a trip to spend the Holidays with your friends or relatives? If not why not purchase a useful present. You will find a large assortment of

LEATHER GOODS,

Consisting of Traveling Bags, Dress Suit Cases, Music Rolls, Ladies' Belts, &c. &c.

Just the thing for a Holiday Present. Give me a call.

F. J. BARBER,

Manufacturer, 19 CHESTNUT STREET.

Good Homes and Splendid Investments

Among the bargains I have for sale I would call particular attention to the following: 3-room house and 1-4 acre of land on a two view avenue.

E. J. CARY,

Real Estate Bought and Sold.

42 and 44 Center Street. North Adams, Mass.

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A SAD PICKPOCKET.

"HOOT!" DONEGAN'S STORY OF HIS MOST RECENT AFFLICTION.

Man After a Hanson and Wasted Nearly a Day in Pursuit of a Bogue Pearl—Leads Chances at a Free Lunch Counter—No Prosperity For Him Now.

The pickpocket stood on the corner looking very disconsolate. His coat collar was turned up, his hands were thrust down into his pockets, and his hat was tilted forward until the rim was almost level with his eyes. Silverstein, the puller in at the clothing store two doors from the corner, having held up in vain two sailors and a one armed soldier, left his post to inquire the cause of the pickpocket's woe.

"What's the matter, Hoot?" he asked. Donegan, the pickpocket, known on the row as Hoot, glanced up at Silverstein, greeted him on oath, and then letting his head fall on his breast again relapsed into silence.

"What is it, Hoot?" Silverstein was growing curious. He had done light fingered work for a time himself and knew something of the changing conditions of a man's life when he made himself an offensive enemy of society.

"See that, Jew?" said the pickpocket, handling a scarfpin from his vest pocket. It was a short gold pin, topped with a huge pearl of that rare virginal pink. It seemed to be a valuable bit, and Silverstein's eyes glistened as he looked at it.

"Take it to Cooney," he said in a whisper. "He's safe." The pickpocket laughed in hollow fashion. "Too safe," he said. Then he straightened up, threw his hat back on his head and said:

"Silverstein, in these days a man like me ain't got no license to live. What's the skill of my hand, that can take most anything from a screw stand to a scarfpin from a man without his knowing it, against the brain of a man that can make them things?"

"Are you nutty, Hoot?" inquired the puller in, edging away. "No, Jew, no; but listen to me. You know the hotels are my graft and this region down here my market. Well, I was out spotting today, and finally along comes a fellow that I sized up for my meat. He was a drowsy guy, with all color ribbons on his hat and then sprang out of his shoes. He had a big pink necktie on, and in it was this here pin was stuck. From the size of his chin, I said to myself that the punkin on the end of it must be a bird, but when I see that pink pearl I decided to let the watch go and make for that."

"Well, he was a nervous cuss, and I couldn't get a chance at him for a long time. I followed him up Broadway and laid for him outside a restaurant while he took lunch. Then he met a lady, and they took more lunch together. When he came out, the two took a hansom, and I hear him say to the driver, 'Around the park.' Well, I follow the hansom to the park, and seeing which entrance it goes in, lay around the circle for it to come out again. Two hours I waited there, Jew, and then I see the hansom and run off two pounds a-following it down town. My man, he leaves the lady at a house, then drives to the corner of Broadway and starts walking down slowly. Now, says I to myself, 'I've got him.' But I didn't get him. He met a friend, and they go and play billiards for two more hours. Well, I was busting. I was so mad, but I made up my mind to stick. I see a dozen pretty chances go by, but I couldn't leave that pink pearl. My eyes watered at thinking of it and my fingers itched for it. By and by my man comes out, and he and his friend go in a saloon, one of them places where you stand up at a sidewalk. I followed and just as my man lifts a glass up to drink I push against his friend. The friend pushes against him, and he turns around. I was waiting, of course, and next minute the pearl was mine. It was a long chance, Jew, but you know a fellow'll take them once in awhile. When the guy turns around, I was chewing a sandwich from the counter and bawling to the waiter for a check."

"Well, the guy misses the pin. Damn me if I know what put him on. You know I don't mess a job like that, Jew. My heart was a-going hard, Jew, but I almost falls over when I see him put his hand up to the tie, feel around and then, instead of hollering murder, police, watch and a dozen other things, just grin and say to his friend, 'Some sucker's got a gold brick.'"

"There was me with the pin in me palm all ready to drop it in the salad on the counter. When he don't make a holler, though, I snakes her back in my pocket and in two minutes am on the way down to Cooney."

"I saw easy times and no chances for a couple of weeks on the strength of that pearl, Jew, and when I tossed it over to Cooney I said, 'Gives me \$250, a quarter value.' Cooney whistles at the pin and picks it up. Then he begin to look queer. Finally he dips the pearl in a glass of water and, picking up a knife, help me, goes a peeling off that pink color. 'Cooney,' I yell, 'what are you doing?' 'Fish glue,' says Cooney. And he throws the pin back."

"Well, it was one of them fish glue pearls. You've seen 'em—just a bit of glass painted over with fish glue, just ringers for the real thing, but worth around 50 cents. I walks out of Cooney's in a trance. I comes over here, and I ain't moved for an hour. Think of it, Jew, think of it, all day and a long chance for that thing! Take it and give it to yer gal the next time you go up to Jones' woods. S'help me, if I ever find that guy I touched fer that I'll pick a fight with him and lick him. Goodbye. I'm going home and get some rest. Chasing hansom is hard work." And the pickpocket strolled down a side street the picture of melancholy.—New York Sun.

The Adams National Bank of North Adams.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Adams National bank will be held at their banking house in North Adams, on

Tuesday, the 11th day of January, next, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the following purposes, to-wit:

First, to choose directors for the ensuing year.

Second, to transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting.

E. S. WILKINSON, Cashier. North Adams, Mass., Dec. 10, 1897.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

Fitchburg Railroad.

Corrected Nov. 15, 1897.
Trains leave North Adams going East—
7:15 a. m., 7:25 a. m., 12:40 a. m., 5:05 p. m., 6:00 p. m.
Going West—
10:05 a. m., 12:20 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 1:45 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:40 p. m., 4:50 p. m., 5:55 p. m., 6:50 p. m.
Train Arrive From East—
10:05 a. m., 12:10 p. m., 1:25 p. m., 1:40 p. m., 2:50 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 6:20 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:40 p. m., 9:50 p. m., 10:55 p. m., 12:00 a. m., 1:10 a. m., 2:20 a. m., 3:30 a. m., 4:40 a. m., 5:50 a. m., 7:00 a. m., 8:10 a. m., 9:20 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 11:40 a. m., 12:50 a. m., 1:00 a. m., 2:10 a. m., 3:20 a. m., 4:30 a. m., 5:40 a. m., 6:50 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 9:10 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 12:40 a. m., 1:50 a. m., 3:00 a. m., 4:10 a. m., 5:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., 7:40 a. m., 8:50 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 11:10 a. m., 12:20 a. m., 1:30 a. m., 2:40 a. m., 3:50 a. m., 5:00 a. m., 6:10 a. m., 7:20 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 9:40 a. m., 10:50 a. m., 12:00 a. m., 1:10 a. m., 2:20 a. m., 3:30 a. m., 4:40 a. m., 5:50 a. m., 7:00 a. m., 8:10 a. m., 9:20 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 11:40 a. m., 12:50 a. m., 1:00 a. m., 2:10 a. m., 3:20 a. m., 4:30 a. m., 5:40 a. m., 6:50 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 9:10 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 12:40 a. m., 1:50 a. m., 3:00 a. m., 4:10 a. m., 5:20 a. m., 6:30 a. 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35 Cents

Dr. Hooker's Cough and Croup Syrup

It is a fact that a cold is the worst of things. A cold is the seed of consumption. Croup is a cold's half-brother—it is generally caused by cold, and many a little life has been snuffed out by it because the proper remedy was not used in time.

It gives relief at once. It has saved thousands of lives. Every mother should see that it is always in the house. Don't wait until you need it—that may be too late. Contains no opium—absolutely safe—advised by physicians for 30 years. Made only by Charles B. Hooker, Northampton, Mass.

at Drug Stores

BARGAIN WEEK

(SPECIAL PRICES.)

Blankets and Lap Robes.
Blankets and Lap Robes.
Blankets and Lap Robes.
Blankets and Lap Robes.
Harnesses, Sleighs, Bells, Whips, etc.

E. Vandyck,

9 State Street.

For fall and winter

our new samples have been received and embrace all the new novelties and staples in Fall and winter weights

Look over our samples before placing your order for a Winter Suit or Overcoat. Fit and satisfaction guaranteed. Repair work, pressing and making suits or overcoats from cloth furnished by patrons.

T. MONTEATH.

50 Holden Street.

NORTH ADAMS

Savings Bank

Established 1845. 73 Main St. adjoining Adams National Bank. Business hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Cash on demand.

President, A. C. Houghton, Treasurer, W. A. Whitaker, Vice-Presidents, William Burton, G. L. Rice, W. H. Gaylord, Trustees, A. C. Houghton, W. H. Burton, G. L. Rice, W. A. Gallup, J. S. Wilkinson, H. T. Cady, G. H. Cutting, V. A. Whitaker, W. H. Gaylord, W. H. Sperry, Arthur Robinson, N. L. Hillard, J. C. Adams, Board of Investment, G. L. Rice, W. H. Gaylord, J. A. Wilkinson.

The Adams National Bank

of NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

Incorporated 1852. Reorganized 1897.

Capital \$500,000
Surplus, Undivided Profits 150,000

Wm. H. Bennett, President
A. C. Houghton, Vice-President
J. S. Wilkinson, Cashier
J. Lawrence, Jr., Assistant Cashier
G. L. Rice, W. H. Gaylord, W. H. Sperry, Arthur Robinson, N. L. Hillard, J. C. Adams, Board of Investment, G. L. Rice, W. H. Gaylord, J. A. Wilkinson.

Accounts and collections solicited.

Wm. H. Bennett,

Fire Insurance Agency...

2 Adams Nat Bank Bldg.

North Adams, Mass.

AGENT FOR

Green Ins Co of America, New York
Connecticut Fire Ins Co, Hartford
Manchester Fire Insurance Co, England
Northwestern Nat Ins Co, Milwaukee
Prudential National Ins Co, Germany

Copley Square Hotel

110 Huntington Ave., Cor. Ereter St., Boston

A new and elegantly appointed fireproof hotel. Pleasantly and conveniently located. One minute from Huntington Ave. Station. B. & A. R. Five to ten minutes to shopping centers and places of amusement. Electric cars to all points pass the door.

ROOMS SINGLE OR EN SUITE WITH PRIVATE BATHS

American plan, \$3.50 per day and up.
European, rooms \$1.50 per day and up

F. S. Risten & Co.

Buckwheat Flour...

Both plain and prepared. best quality and fresh. To go with it, new and pure Maple Syrup, direct from the best Vermont "sugar bushes."

White & Smith,

City agents for Shaker brand.

William's Kidney Pills

Has no equal in diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in the loins, side, back, groin and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent desire to pass urine? William's Kidney Pills will impart new life to the diseased organs, tone up the system and make a new man of you. By mail 50 cents per box.

WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS, CLEVELAND, O.

For Sale at Pratt's Drug Store, 37 Main St.

Local News!

WILMINGTON.

George Upton died suddenly early last Friday morning of rheumatism of the heart. The funeral was held on Tuesday from the house.

Mrs. Julia Harris arrived home last Friday from North Adams, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. L. Howe.

Mrs. J. H. Kidder and daughter, Faith, were in North Adams on Friday.

The lower school closed this week for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Edith M. Bell is enjoying the Christmas tide with her many friends in town.

The stores are well stocked with a large assortment of goods for the Christmas trade.

STRATTON.

The annual church fair and auction sale of manufactured articles was well attended at the new town hall on December 16. A pleasant evening was enjoyed and nearly \$30 realized as the proceeds.

Miss Emeline Pike is sick.

Ernest Pike began the winter term of school in Pike Hollow December 13.

Fred Long has moved from the Phebe Wilder house to the Isaac Sprague house. The Christmas exercises have been postponed until New Year's eve, December 31.

Mrs. Amella G. Hasecock's funeral was held at the church December 14. She leaves three sons, Frank E. and Norman J. of this place and Charles of Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

NORTH ADAMS.

George Botton was in Greenfield last week on business.

E. D. Hitecock has been preparing lumber for a house in Hartford. He shipped the lumber from here last week and this week. He goes there to put up and finish the house.

The social held at J. W. Stelson's last Friday was well attended.

The road from Henry Fairbanks to Fred Gleasons and also to Horace Churchells, which the county commissioners were asked to examine, has been ordered built as laid out by the selectmen.

Seth T. Maxwell died December 12 at the home of his sister Mrs. Barber. He was 74 and he had been confined for several months with cancer of the stomach.

FOOD WASTED IN COOKING.

Life Sustaining Value of Meat and Vegetables Lost Through Ignorance.

A series of investigations by experts connected with the United States department of agriculture go to show that there is an immense amount of popular ignorance in the matter of cooking; that, while the greater part of the food of man is prepared for use by cooking, yet the changes which various foods undergo during the process and the losses which are brought about have been but little studied. Few persons know, for instance, that in 100 pounds of uncooked cabbage there are but 7½ pounds of dry matter, and of this dry matter from 2½ to 3 pounds are lost in the cooking; potatoes, for instance, show that in order to obtain the highest food value potatoes should not be peeled before cooking; that when potatoes are peeled before cooking the least loss is sustained by putting them directly into hot water and boiling as rapidly as possible. Even then the loss is very considerable.

Get a Hat that keeps its color and shape. Get a Crofut & Knapp

It will look new until you tire of wearing it.

This is the 40-years-old Trade Mark Stamped on the leather.

Most of the men in the islands of southwest Japan lead lives of idleness and are cheerfully supported by the women. The males are fond of music, some of them being excellent musicians on various instruments, but it is considered disgraceful for a woman to play.

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ENLARGED LYMPH GLANDS.

What the Lumps Mean and How They Should Be Treated.

"What are these lumps in my baby's neck?" is a question often asked the doctor.

Lumps, or kernels as they are often called, because they feel like grains or seeds under the examining fingers, are lymph bodies, or glands.

The system of lymph glands and tubes covers the entire body. If it were exposed to view, it would have the appearance of meshwork. Lymph ducts lead from the skin, from the mucous membranes, and from bone to lymph bodies which are further connected with one another by the same means.

At any point where there is an inflammation, a sore, a breaking of the skin or mucous surface, there will be found open mouths of lymph ducts into which waste matter is liable to enter. This waste matter sets up an irritation and an enlargement of the lymph bodies to which it finds its way. It will now be easily understood how such an enlargement or inflammation of the lymph bodies always points to a state of inflammation at some point, perhaps at a considerable distance from the lumps themselves. Thus a felon on the finger causes enlarged glands to appear in the armpit.

Lumps in the neck may sometimes be plainly traced to eczema of the scalp. Sometimes the mouth is the seat of the trouble. Large and inflamed tonsils may be present, or the teeth may be decaying. When the ear is the seat of an abscess, either before or during the course of a purulent discharge enlarged glands are common.

Enlarged lymph bodies just behind the angle of the jaw are sometimes significant of catarrh of the nose and the adjacent portion of the throat.

The existence of enlarged lymph bodies for a few days, or sometimes for a longer interval, cannot be said to be in itself dangerous. The case is different when lumps exist for several weeks or longer. They become changed in character after this time and begin to break down and form purulent matter. This stage, too, is more difficult to cure, as surrounding tissue may become affected.

The skin over the glands is involved and becomes part of the large, soft, red or purplish swelling, now called an abscess, which either breaks or is lanced by the surgeon.

These enlargements may become invaded by the tubercle bacilli, from which consumption of the lungs or a general consumption may develop.

During the course of an infectious disease, when the glands in the neck sometimes become enlarged, the care of the throat must not be neglected. The use of an antiseptic solution on the affected parts will often produce an immediate good result.—Youth's Companion.

NAMES WE MISSED.

Some of the Titles Intended For Our Geographical Division.

It was intended that Maryland should be called Crescentia, but Charles I changed it to Terra Maria, in honor of his wife, and we made it Mary's Land; hence Maryland (hence pronunciation, Mary-land). William Penn wanted to call his state New Wales, but afterward decided upon Pennsylvania, to which the king prefixed the word Penn. In 1784 an ordinance was drawn up as follows: "The territory northward of the forty-fifth degree—that is to say of the completion of the forty-fifth degree from the equator and extending to the Lake of the Woods—shall be called Pennsylvania." See what we missed! The territory under the forty-fifth and forty-fourth degrees which lies westward of Lake Michigan was to be called Michigan, while that to the eastward, with the peninsula formed by the lakes and waters of Michigan, Huron, St. Clair and Erie was to be called Chersonesus. Heaven forbid!

Of the territory lying under the forty-third and forty-second degrees, that to the westward, called Assensipia; that to the eastward, in which are the sources of the Mississippi, the two Illinois, the Maumee of the Lake, and the Seneca rivers, was to be called Metropotamia. The country through which the Illinois river runs was to be called Illinois; the next joining to the eastward, Saratoga, and that between the last and Pennsylvania, extending from the Ohio to Lake Erie, Washington. All that region adjacent to which are the confederates of the Wabash, Shawnee, Tennessee, Ohio, Illinois, Mississippi and Missouri rivers, was to be called Ilytania, and that further up the Ohio, Pelissia. Verily, a wonderful Providence seems to have guarded us from these afflictions.—New York Press.

A MORNING GLORY CULT.

This Flower Taking the Place of Chrysanthemums in Japan.

Miss Eliza Buchanan Seldmore has an article on "The Wonderful Morning Glories of Japan" in The Century. Miss Seldmore says:

As a floral sensation the chrysanthemum may be said to have had its day, the carnation is going, going, and seekers are sighing for a new flower to conquer. It is hardly known, even to foreign residents in Japan, that that land, which has given us so much of art and beauty, has lately revived the culture of its most remarkable flower, the asagao, our morning glory. For size, beauty, range of color and limitability variety there attained this auriferous flower precedes all others until its cultivation has become a craze, which is likely to spread to other countries, and—who knows—perhaps here introduce the current Japanese custom of 5 o'clock in the morning tea and garden parties.

Asagao, the morning flower, is more especially Japan's own blossom than the chrysanthemum, which, like it, came from China as a primitive sort of weed, afterward to be evolved by Japanese art or magic into a floral wonder of a hundred varying forms.

We who know and grow the morning glory as a humble back yard vine on a string—a vine with leaves like those of the sweet potato and puny little pink or purple flowers—are as far in the floral darkness as the Chinese, who know it chiefly as a wild thing of fields and hedge rows, the vine of "the little trumpets" or the "dawn flower," that is entangled with briars and bushes for miles along the top of Peking's walls. The old poetry and the old art do not seem to be permeated with it, as in Japan, where the forms of vases, bowls and cups, the designs and paintings of the greatest masters, repeat the graceful lines of vine and flower, and scores of famous poems celebrate the asagao in written characters as beautiful to the eye as is their sound to the ear.

The asagao was brought to Japan with the Buddhist religion, that particular cult of early rising. Scholars and priests who went over to study the new religion brought back the seeds of many Chinese plants. The tea plant came then, and Eisai brought the seeds of the sacred tea tree, and Tai Kwan, the Chinese priest at the Obaku temple in Uji, who may have introduced the flower to Japan, was one of the first to sing of the asagao in graceful outas, classic poems which scholarly brushes repeat today. "Asagao bloom and fade so quickly, only to prepare for the morrow's glory," is Tai Kwan's best known verse.

Roofs, although they may not entirely protect a building, may preserve it from being seriously damaged. The Jefferson physical laboratory of Harvard university is protected in the following manner: Each of the chimneys is provided with rods which are connected with conductors running along the eaves. From the corners of the roof conductors are led to the ground and are connected underground with a conductor which entirely surrounds the building and which is connected to a permanent water supply at least ten feet below the surface of the ground. Iron pipes are driven to reach this water supply. This is as near an approach to a cage as circumstances would permit.

A trolley car has a lightning rod in its roof, which is connected through its motor with the rails and the ground. It is not beyond possibility, however, that a discharge descending the trolley arm should refuse to go through the motor and should seek a quicker oscillating path through the car. This is not likely to happen often, for the network of the trolley wire and the telegraph lines of a town or city, together with the electric light wires, separate and divert into many channels the electrical disturbance. The great increase of wires in our cities serves to protect from great damage by lightning, for many paths are offered to the discharges, which are thus broken up into more or less harmless sparks.—Professor John Trowbridge in Chautauquan.

About Lightning Rods.

Roofs, although they may not entirely protect a building, may preserve it from being seriously damaged. The Jefferson physical laboratory of Harvard university is protected in the following manner: Each of the chimneys is provided with rods which are connected with conductors running along the eaves. From the corners of the roof conductors are led to the ground and are connected underground with a conductor which entirely surrounds the building and which is connected to a permanent water supply at least ten feet below the surface of the ground. Iron pipes are driven to reach this water supply. This is as near an approach to a cage as circumstances would permit.

Poison Ivy.

Just what it is that induces poison ivy to play its injurious pranks on some people at some times and not at others is still a profound mystery. One thing is certain—the number of people susceptible to the poisoning influence must be extremely few, from the fact that in the vicinity of Philadelphia the highways and byways are overrun with the plant to an enormous extent. It is frequently impossible for people to go by without brushing against it, and if it is the vapor or some exudation from the plant which causes the trouble thousands of persons must be under the influence to every one who suffers from it. The writer of this paragraph knows of a tract of land on which the plant grows profusely and on which many scores of laborers are employed. These laborers are frequently set to weeding and pulling out the plant by the naked hand, and so far as the writer knows, none of these men was ever poisoned by it. The cattle eat it greedily whenever they get an opportunity. It seems to have no injurious influence on them.—Mechanics Monthly.

He Knows.

"Before permitting you to pass to the front," said the officer in charge of the telegraphy to the war correspondent, "I desire to know whether you are qualified to report our actions in the field." The war correspondent bowed and awaited the pleasure of the great man. "In the first place," continued the soldier, "I should like a definition of the phrase, 'fendish atrocity.'"

The correspondent smiled as if he considered the question altogether too easy.

"Fendish atrocities," he said, "are murders committed by the other side."

"Correct," returned the officer.

"Now, what is 'just vengeance?'"

"Just vengeance," answered the correspondent, "is the term used to designate murders committed by our side."

"Correct again," returned the officer. "I will give you an order that will take you through all the lines."—Strand Magazine.

TRADE MARK

C. & K. REGISTERED

RULES FOR CANDY MAKING.

Mrs. Dorar Tells How Confections May Be Made at Home.

Mrs. S. T. Dorar tells how to make candies at home in The Ladies' Home Journal and gives the following rules, which insure the success of the work: "Never stir the sugar and water after the sugar has dissolved. Wipe down constantly the granules forming on the side of the saucepan. Do not shake or move the saucepan while the sirup is boiling. As soon as the sugar begins to boil watch it carefully, having in your hand a bowl of ice water, so that you may try the sirup almost constantly. Have everything in readiness before beginning. If the sugar grains, use it for old fashioned cream candy or sugar taffy. It cannot be used for fondant. Use only the best granulated sugar for boiling and confectioners' XXX for kneading. If your fondant grains wish-out apparent cause, you may have boiled it a little too long. A few drops of lemon juice or a little cream of tartar will prevent this. Fondant is the soft mixture which forms both the inside of the French candies and the material in which they are dipped, and it is to obtain this that the sugar is boiled.

"After the sugar has reached the 'soft ball,' a semihard condition, it must be poured carefully into a large meat plate or on a marble slab. Do not scrape the saucepan or you will granulate the sirup. Make your fondant one day and make it up into candy the next. Never melt fondant by placing the saucepan immediately on the stove. Prevent the danger of scorching by standing the pan containing it in a basin of water. If the melted fondant is too thick, add water most cautiously, a drop at a time. A half teaspoonful more than is necessary will ruin the whole. To cool candy place it in a cool, dry place. To keep candy put it between layers of waxed paper in tin boxes. If the day is bright and clear, the sugar loses its stickiness quickly; therefore select a fine day for your candy making."

A STORY OF TODAY.

When Elliott Raymond bought a farm in Flint valley, it was not because he intended going into agriculture, or because he wanted to be called a "gentleman farmer"—it was because he had money he didn't know what to do with.

Hurrying down to the station one morning to catch the train in order to join the first run of the Flint Valley Hunt club he met against his broker, who stopped him long enough to say:

"Great Nordica estate went up any number of points yesterday. We sold. I'll send you a check for \$4,000 today."

On the train Elliott had time to think over several business matters, among them the rise in Northeastern. Four thousand was a small sum to Elliott Raymond, but still he didn't know what to do with it. Elliott was paying only three. General Metcalf was away down. Real estate was low, and it was still a problem when the train stopped and he climbed on to Tom Harvey's coach beside Miss Carruth. In her society he forgot all about Northeastern, General Metcalf and banks that pay only three.

The hunt starts at 1," she said, smiling at him with a twinkling eye. "We have luncheon at The Grapes," and so the conversation drifted, followed by a swift run across country after the hounds, a dash through Patchin's woods and gully and the meadows beyond, where Miss Carruth came in first and won the brush.

"Shall we go home by the Willow road?" she said to Elliott. "It is the longest way," he said. "Of course," for Elliott always agreed with Miss Carruth.

It was riding home by the Willow road that Elliott chanced to see a sign posted to a tree near a farm gate. "This Farm For Sale at a Sacrifice." Suddenly he remembered the \$4,000. The house was away back from the road, there were a neat hedge on one side and a grape arbor and a few giant elms—quite a handsome country place. Why shouldn't he put his money in this farm? He would if it was a good investment. He would not buy it.

That was how Elliott Raymond came to buy a farm. A distant cousin was brought from the west somewhere and installed thereon, while the former owners—well, Elliott didn't know what became of the former owners. Cousin John wrote Elliott that the farm was in an excellent state of cultivation. He was going to sow such and such fields with wheat and reserve others for white oats, and would Elliott kindly have the florist send a lot of bulbs for fall planting. Elliott carefully attended to every request, and he used to tell Miss Carruth all about it as they drove out to the football game on his drag. Cousin John has sent enough plans and things for Cousin Margaret to plant the entire farm," he said laughingly. Miss Carruth was such a sensible girl. She liked to hear about his farm, he knew, and always seemed so interested.

Truth to tell, Gertrude Carruth had hoped—she acknowledged it to herself boldly—that Elliott Raymond would some day ask her to share his fortunes, his interests, wherever they were. She did not care about the fortune in itself. She looked straight in her mirror one night and told herself so. "I wouldn't care if he had a penny," she said. "He is the best man I know."

At Mrs. Westerleigh's dinner Miss Carruth was sure Elliott had something in particular to say to her. They were in the parlor, Elliott standing on a rug and leaning on the edge of a marble basin, watching the goldfishes swimming about. Neither had spoken for some time, and she felt when he did speak it would be something she would wish to hear. She pulled a red rose from a branch near her.

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" he said taking it from her fingers. "It is a crimson number, I am going to have a lot of them sent down to the farm in the spring." He threw away the fragrant white flower from his buttonhole and put the rose in its place. The spell was broken—the farm had done it, Miss Carruth thought bitterly—and they walked back to the drawing room.

One morning, summer passed and the Flint valley hunts were once more canceled. Elliott sent Black Bess down to the farm and he followed by train one October night when it was just chilly enough for a small blaze in the big fireplace. It was his visit to his own farm.

The hunt was at 8 o'clock, with the hunt breakfast four miles away, and as Elliott had sent Black Bess through the lane he noticed how beautifully the lawn was kept. A few chrysanthemums were beginning to show their colors and a bed of pink and white cosmos, that flower that never blooms until touched by frost, flaunted fairy faces at him in the sharp wind.

"I will come down here and stay all next summer," Elliott said to himself as Black Bess took the front gate and dashed away toward The Laurels.

Again Miss Carruth was the leader of the chase and again Elliott rode by her side on the slow return.

"You are coming to luncheon with us?" she said as they paced along the willow road.

"Yes," and he looked at his watch. "We are early. Will you stop at the farm and meet Cousin Margaret? I'd like you to see the place."

The girl was pleased that he wanted to show her his farm. They entered the house unannounced, and as they passed through the wide old hall they heard some one singing a low, quaint old air to the music of the piano. They paused at the

THE DREAMER.

Time said, "In this life's garden,
Dream you a merry day."
And so I dreamed while morning streamed
Over the hills away—
Over the golden hills
Where the land of promise lay—
And I heard the chime of the bells of time
Over the hills away—

"Dreams, dreams, dreams—"
A little of right and wrong,
Loneliness and sighs and weeping eyes,
And silence after the song—
Silence after the song—
Silence lone and long!
Ere my skies or stony loams—
Dreams, dreams, dreams!"

And, dreaming in life's garden
Upon a couch of May,
There came a light from lands of night
Over the hills away—
Over the misty hills—
And time, in a mantle gray,
With shadowed eyes, beneath ruined skies,
Passed over the hills away.

"Dreams, dreams, dreams—"
Laughter and sighs and weeping eyes,
And silence after the song—
Silence after the song—
Silence lone and long!
Ere my skies or stony loams—
Dreams, dreams, dreams!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

door of the parlor. A young girl was sent out at the piano, her back toward them. She was singing a song which Elliott had heard a well known Irish tenor sing many times:

"Give me a word of love, Douglas Gordon,
Just a word of pity, O my love!" said she.
"For if a belis will ring tomorrow,
My wedding bells, my love, but not for you and me."

Miss Carruth's eyes grew tender as she listened to the words. She looked at Elliott. He touched her arm and they walked softly through the hall to the room beyond, where Cousin Margaret was busy.

"You have company, Cousin Margaret?" Elliott said, after introducing Miss Carruth.

Cousin Margaret flushed. "You don't mind, do you, Elliott? You see, the piano belonged to her and they had to sell it with all the other things. She's such a sweet girl. I told her to come in and use the piano whenever she liked. It will keep it in tune, you know."

Cousin Margaret's explanation was not very lucid, but Elliott understood that the girl was the daughter of the man who had owned the farm. While they were still speaking they heard the hall door close and the girl crossed the lawn. Miss Carruth, standing by the window, looked it after her, and with the quick intuition some women have she felt that this girl was to have some influence over Elliott's life.

Elliott was to remain at the farm for the entire hunting season, and now and then he caught a glimpse of the girl, but she did not come to the house again when he was likely to be home. One day, however, Black Bess went lame and he returned from the first drive. He heard the sound of the piano as he crossed the lawn, and just as he reached the door it opened and the girl stood before him.

Although he had not seen her face, he had known she was beautiful, and when she blushed her face was like some sweet, delicate flower.

"Excuse me," she said. "I didn't know."

Elliott smiled. "You are Miss Thompson. Cousin Margaret told me you came in to awaken the echoes sometimes. I am glad you do." His tone was so pleasant that the girl smiled as she again bowed and passed on.

He did not go to the hunt the next day, and when the girl came across the lawn he went to meet her and asked if he might come in and listen to the music.

"It has been a long time since I have heard a really good voice," he said.

"Do you like my voice?" she asked frankly.

"I do. I came in the other day when you were singing 'Douglas Gordon.' It is my favorite song. Will you sing it for me now?"

She sang it and many others, and so it came about that she promised to come every morning, while he sent to the city for his violin, and he hunted no more mornings or afternoons. Miss Carruth noted day after day that he was absent from the chase, and her woman's heart told her the cause.

One morning the girl did not come, and Elliott, peering anxiously up and down the hall, drew the bow across the strings of his violin, went to the window and at last wondered at his impatience. "I never knew I cared so much about music," he said to himself. Just then the girl came through the gate. She had picked a few blossoms of the pink cosmos and wore them in her hair, and as she walked Elliott at the window she looked up and smiled.

"A thunderbolt had fallen out of the autumn sky, Elliott Raymond could not have been more astonished when he was at the thresh his heart gave when he saw her. His surprise at her feelings was so great that he leaned against the window to steady himself for a moment.

"Thirty-five years old," he said to himself, "and I have never—!" And then she came in.

"You were waiting," she said.

"Yes, I was waiting."

She looked up in surprise at his tone. When she saw his face, she flushed. He held out his hands. "Alice," he said, "I want you to be my wife."

It was surprising that he could not express himself better. She looked up at him, her eyes moist and glad.

"Do you?" she asked.

"I do. Will you, Alice?"

She held out her hands and met his.

"I will," she said softly. "You are very sure."

"Quite sure, Alice."

And so it came about that Elliott Raymond had audaciously carried out his promise to himself to spend all next summer in Flint valley, because Mrs. Raymond will want to go back to her old home on the farm after the winter of gayety in the city.

And Miss Carruth's gift to the bride and groom is a water color sketch of a slender, dark haired girl seated at a piano, with autumn leaves strewn on the floor, and the card accompanying it has a most informal line, "With the best love of Gertrude Carruth."—Katharine Hartman in Buffalo News.

Ammonia In Plant Culture.

While the ordinary kerosene emulsion and solution of copper have proved an immense boon to the cultivator of fruits and trees in the open air, Meacham's Monthly is authority for the statement that they are usually objectionable to the small amateur flower grower, to whom something clean and easily applied to small plants is a greater advantage. For these the various insecticides and fungicides for sale by the florists offer some good recommendation. Where these are not to be had, it is said that a wash of ammonia is effective. As the ammonia bottle is now one of the staples of every well ordered household, it may be put into use readily. All these articles, however, require some little care in their first application. One should always try a little at first on some plants that are of no considerable value before risking them in a wholesale way. For instance, the scale on orange leaves and the leaves of oleanders, or the leaves of some similar plant affected with any kind of insect, can be tried first. If no injury follows, then it may be applied on a somewhat more extensive scale. With a few plants and a brush a considerable quantity can be gone over in a short time.

Rich Men's Sons.

Rev. Frank De Witt Talnage, son of the famous preacher, remarked in a sermon on "Rich Men's Sons." Do you know that as a rule the greatest misfortune happening to one is to be inherited in the lap of luxury? The only dead failure among the merchants have ever made are their sons, of whom they are ashamed."

Too Much For Her.

Browne—How did you break your wife of buying cigars for you?

Towne—When in the house I smoked only those she bought me.—Brooklyn Life.

Christmas Slippers

We've thought of all the people that give slippers for Christmas and provided for them most generously. You'll find here a tremendous assortment—fleece-lined, fur-trimmed Satin Slippers in different colors. Felt Slippers, Dongolas, etc. Lamb's wool insoles for crochet slippers. Leggings and Over-gaiters—all at stirring prices.

F. N. Ray, "The Shoeman."

YOU WILL BE SPEEDY

Many household trials by engaging a good plumber, a plumber that may be depended upon to do good work and use only best materials. Whenever it is possible we give one personal supervision to any work that we are called upon to do. In any case you will be satisfied in every way. We guarantee our work as we want your patronage not only now but in the future.

Steam and Hot water house heating, Tin Roofing, Gas Fittings, Closes, Rubber Hose, etc.

T. M. Lucey Plumbing Co.

8 Blackinton Bl. Holden St.

WE ARE SHOWING A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

SUITINGS, OVERCOATS, and TROUSERS

for Winter of 1907 and 1908. They embrace everything on the market—both in style and in quality. You need a reliable suit, overcoat or trousers put together with the best workmanship, all on us. We can give you the best value for the least money of any firm in the city. We guarantee all our work to be the best or your money refunded.

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TAILORS. 55 EAGLE ST.

ESTABLISHED 1835.

Geo. F. Miller,

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This agency is the oldest, largest and strongest in Western Massachusetts representing 30 leading Foreign and American companies.

ALWAYS PERFECT
ALWAYS RELIABLE
ALWAYS LIBERAL
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THE ANGELUS FLOUR

Thompson Milling Co.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

FOR Medicinal Uses.

Every well regulated household should have on hand for emergencies a quantity of—

Pure Unadulterated Whisky.

There is so much adulteration in these goods that the only safe way is to buy from a reliable dealer. We have goods that are absolutely pure and which cannot be excelled for quality, smoothness and age.

Finest Domestic and Imported Wines for the family table or the sick room.

Order Promptly Filled.

John Barry

Holden Street.

I HAVE A VERY FINE Building Lot For Sale

at a LOW FIGURE.

A. S. Alford,

90 MAIN STREET.

NOTICE

The Commissioner of Public Works will hold regular meetings at the City Hall on Monday and Friday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

—JAS. F. CURRY.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

BAB TELLS THE STORY OF CELESTINE AND LITTLE JO.

A True Incident of Life Among the Lowly.

I confess I was annoyed at being interrupted. When one is comfortable, when the fire in front of one is bright, when one's book is interesting, the fact that it is cold outside and that other people are suffering does not seem to affect one as it should. So, when she said that Celestine wanted to speak to me, I looked cross. I felt irritated, and I got up with no outward show of amiability, for there was no inward feeling of that sort. And I never was a good actress. Celestine is our landlady. She is large. Indeed, she seems to be one huge smile that weighs nearly 300 pounds. In describing herself she invariably says that she is "buff," and though that may be the color of Celestine's skin, she has the whitest heart that was ever made. When she saw me, she put up her hands and said, "It's Jo." I looked annoyed, and Celestine looked apologetic, and then, after a moment's silence, during which I got back to my normal good nature, she said, "It does seem as if there weren't no place for him." Then I felt a pain right in my heart. Christmas week and no place for a boy 11 years old! A city full of millionaires and not a human being but a poor colored landlady to care for this boy.

This is the story of Jo. He's just Jo. If he ever had another name, it has been forgotten. He was a boy who always seemed all corners; who never looked comfortable. In winter time his hands were chapped, and his feet were frostbitten. In the summer time he had the chills, and he had the bites. Originally Jo came from the poorest part of North Carolina. He was the son of a colored preacher who was great on telling his congregation about love, charity, peace and good will and who beat Jo so dreadfully that when he was 7 years old the elders of the church complained to the justice of the peace. Jo was put on a baggage train and stole his way to New York, and then some society took care of him, and finding that he had more aches and pains and was more amiable than the average boy the society boarded him out, paying the magnificent sum of \$1 per week for his keep. Dollars being scarce, Celestine took him, and through my acquaintance with her I met him. For several years, in the intervals of his various ills, he ran our errands and was recommended by us to anybody who wished a handy boy. But, alas! for poor Jo. Whenever he got what might be called a permanent situation, his frostbites overcame him, or his bites got the better of him, according to the season, and he would return to Celestine as an undesirable piece of goods. Then, through another society, a farmer took him, and for once in his life Jo was happy. He not only had enough to eat, but he absolutely had time to play. He grew to know every bird and every flower in that country, and he sent me a snake skin for a present. While Celestine's little boy had a box of fresh eggs come to him, laid especially to order by a small black hen that the farmer's wife had given Jo for his very own. But Celestine and I felt that this couldn't last. It was too good. So after ten months of absolute happiness Jo was returned to us. He had trod on a rusty nail, and it had gone into his bare foot, and the farmer was afraid that lockjaw would result. Then Jo got into a hospital. He liked it pretty well there, but having tasted the delights of country life you cannot blame him for not wanting to stay in bed with one foot tied up, could you? He was declared better and put out.

Poor Jo was not strong enough to work. The farmer refused to take him back, still fearing lockjaw, and up to this time he has been living with Celestine, and my church money has gone toward supporting him. My church money, by the bye, is a fiction—that is, so far as church is concerned. At the Friends' meeting they do not take up a collection, and so I keep my church money for whoever may need it. And you would be surprised to know the number of demands there are for it, little as it is. Now, Celestine had come to tell me that it seemed as if Jo's foot was getting better again, and still they would not take him at the hospital. The church money was got out, and Celestine was given a note to the most fashionable and the most cynical man I know. He responded to it by a bank note and some other things, and today I went to see Jo. Jo is not buff. He is distinctly black, and when he laughs, and for all his troubles, he does laugh once in awhile, he shows the whitest teeth you ever saw in your life. After I had passed the compliments of the day with him he said, "Missy, that there gentleman sent me the most cozy nightgown you ever seed." I looked at him then, and I saw that Jo was robed in a soft flannel gown, with the collars and cuffs embroidered in pale blue, and I realized that my fashionable and cynical friend had responded

ed in more than one way to my request. Then Jo went on to talk, for he was pretty sick, and his brain was wandering. After a little bit he asked, "Ain't it queer, Missy, that all over this year big world there don't never seem to be any place for Jo? What is the matter with me? I ain't like the lepers in the Bible. I ain't got anything the matter with me 'cept a nail in my foot, but just as sure as I go to a place just so sure there something happens to me, and people say, 'Jo, you've got to get some place else.' Out there in the country it did seem as if it was big enough for the other people and for me too. But, no, that there nail had to go and get in my foot, and that there farmer gentleman said, 'Jo, Ise afraid you might get something wrong with you.' And here I comes back to Celestine, and Celestine's got plenty of her own to keep, and there don't so many people give out washing nowadays. Celestine teach me to iron, and I could help her on the rough pieces. But, no, there had to come a dull sort of feeling in my hand, and I can't hold the iron, and I'm afraid I will drop it on some

blown through by the wind and beaten upon by the sun until it is thoroughly freshened. The sofa pillows of the season have not escaped the miniature mania, and pillows of flowered brocade, with oval painting of powdered beauties, are new and very pretty. A novel way of trimming a sofa cushion is to place a broad piece of fancy—flowers, plaids or stripes are suitable—ribbon across the cushion diagonally, terminating at the upper corner in a big rosette. Every day let the mattress be aired from an open window. Turn the mat-

trass daily in order that it may not become lumpy and ridgy from being in one position all the time. The amateur photographer who has not a ruby lamp for use in the developing room or closet may envelop the bulb of an electric light with a red bag shade with the same result as to workmanship, an entire freedom from smoke and also a much stronger and steadier light. Two tablespoonfuls, taploca soaked overnight in half a cupful of water. Add half a cupful of cold water in the morning, the peeled rind of a lemon and boil until clear. Then take out the rind, add the juice of the lemon, a tea-



MRS. ANNE MORTON LANE.

er had any place here, but he shall have a decent place when he is dead, if we go without coal all winter and none of us have anything to eat." I put my hand on her shoulder, and I whispered to her of some good, quiet Quaker ladies who would help her, and I told her positively that nobody need go hungry because of poor Jo, while in my heart I believed that the recording angel was putting down to the credit of Celestine that righteous indignation of hers that made her determine to give the poor boy a place of his own at the very last.

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voice. "Do you think Jo is going to die?" but she didn't speak so low but Jo heard her, and he said, with a gleam of reason: "Ain't that just Jo's luck? Going to die on Celestine's hands and put her to the expense of a funeral, when the Daughters of Rebekah, they won't bury a boy." After a little while I came away, meaning to be back in an hour or two with some cool drinks and some delicate jellies for poor Jo. But death waits for nobody, and when I reached the rough looking tenement house there was a bit of black alpaca tied on Celestine's belt. I went up stairs very quietly and into the plain little kitchen. There was Celestine, angry, as I never had seen her before, and talking to her brother. She said: "I don't care what you say. He shan't be buried like a pauper. Poor little Jo never."

My friends, this is a true story. It has only been a few days since poor Jo was laid to rest, and if I have seemed to tell you of something that was sad I have done it because I want you at this gay Christmas time to think of the many other children for whom there is no place. Make a place for them in your heart and in your home. Go out of your way to do something for them, and your own life will be the happier, and your own children will be less likely to suffer for your sins. These little people who are alone want to be thought of while they are here, but I am afraid often that, even now, Dives sits at his table and Lazarus lies alone at his gate.



Decorate the Schoolroom.

While we build structures that are pleasing from an architectural point of view and modern in their hygienic devices, we are apt to give too little attention to the attractions of the schoolroom itself. Bare walls, save where the forbidding blackboard is hung, are the boundaries of the pupils' vision, no thought being given to the best method of so furnishing the room as to make it a delight to the eye and an elevation of the mind. It is true that there are some exceptions where teachers have, at their own expense, supplied bright and fragrant flowers and appropriate pictures, and thus beautified an otherwise cheerless apartment. Thousands and thousands of children spend several hours each day in the schoolroom, and there is no telling how much they would be benefited by surroundings which would appeal to and stimulate their artistic sense. The cost would not be great, and in most cases a few pennies contributed by the scholars and expended judiciously by a teacher who possesses tact and good taste would revolutionize the place where the children now spend the most receptive years of their lives.

Brighter, prettier, more cheerful schoolrooms ought to be provided. Pictures of great events, replicas in plaster of paris of famous statues, works which represent the genius of the world's greatest artists—all these would help the scholars and equip them in a broader and higher sense for their contact with the world and for the noble and responsible duties of American citizenship.

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Important Card to the Ladies of North Adams!

We have \$10,000 worth of useful Christmas Gifts marked far below cost. Don't buy without calling on us.

Plaid Waists, lined all through, \$1.98

Wrappers, 98c, \$1.25, \$1.50

Corduroy Waists, all colors, \$3.50

Mackintoshes, double texture, with check linings, double detachable capes and velvet collar, colors blue and black, \$2.50

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Ladies' Capes, at half price.

Silk-lined Ladies' Jackets \$8.50 & \$10.00 Were \$13.00 to \$20.00.

Martin Boas, \$5.00

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Carriage and Wagon Builder. Manufacturer of light carriages, sleighs, and business and heavy wagons, made to order at short notice. All work warranted as represented. Repairing in all its branches at reasonable terms. Located in all kinds of factory wagons and carriages, harnesses, robes, and blankets. Center street, rear of Blackinton block.

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Livery, Sale and Boarding Stable. Main street, opposite the Wilson House, North Adams. Nice coaches for weddings, parties and funerals. First class single horses and carriages at short notice on reasonable terms. Also give coach to and from all trains. Telephone connection.

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PHYSICIANS.

C. W. Wright, M. D.
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R. D. Canedy, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon. Office hours 11 to 1, 4 to 6 and 7 to 8. Office 38 Main st. Residence 1 Pleasant st. Telephone and night calls at residence. Telephone 55-2.

A. Mignault, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon. Office 23 Sumner street. Office hours 1 to 3 p. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone 28-4.

C. C. Hulin, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence, 200 Main street, North Adams. Specialist in the diseases of children and women. Office hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 1 to 3 and 6 to 8 p. m.

John J. F. McLaughlin, D. D. S.
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Dental parlors, Kimball block, North Adams. Office hours, 8:30 to 12 a. m., 1 to 6 p. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Teeth extracted without pain. 300ft

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John E. Magenis.
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office Kimball block, Main street, North Adams.

Louis Bagger & Co.
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Wm. H. Thatcher.
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office Rooms 5, Kimball Block, North Adams, Mass.

John H. Hank.
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office in the North Adams Savings Bank building, 77 Main st.

D. J. BARBER WRITES.

Takes Exception to the Transcript's Position Concerning the Auditor's Report.

WHO IS GROSSLY IN ERROR?

Mr. Barber Gives His Construction of the Charter on the Point at Issue—A Section Printed at His Request—The Point Clear.

EDITOR TRANSCRIPT:—In your last week's issue you have given considerable space to my talk at the Hanes meeting the evening before election. I will not give an extended reply to your criticisms, but confine myself to a single point.

You said, "At any rate Mr. Barber is grossly in error about the auditor's report. If Mr. Barber reads sections 16 and 36 of the charter he will see that the particular report required before the city election is not the auditor's report but one for the specific purpose of informing the people of the financial condition of the city," or in other words, the treasurer's report.

I read these sections some time ago and have just read them again, and do not think I made any misstatement or misrepresentation Monday evening on this or any other point. From reading the above extract one would infer that section 36 relates to the auditor's report, whereas no reference whatever is made to it in that section,—at least in my copy of the charter. If your copy differs from mine in this respect, please publish section 36.

If not, then the discussion is narrowed down to the meaning of a single sentence in Sec. 16, which reads as follows: The council "shall as often as once in each year 10 days at least prior to the annual election, cause to be published for the use of the inhabitants, a particular account of the receipts and expenditures of said city, and a schedule of all the city property and of the city debt."

My contention is, that this particular account, due 10 days before election, is the auditor's report, that the auditor so regards it, and the chairman of the finance committee so regards it, and their excuse for not furnishing it was lack of time. It seems to me you are mistaken not only as to what officer the report is required from, but also as to the nature and the object of it. The financial condition of the city is only incidental, the main purpose is to show how the money is being expended.

If receipts and expenditures are properly handled, and accounted for, the financial condition of our city will take care of itself.

I fully realize the difficulty of a discussion of this nature being of much value, unless your readers can have the charter before them so as to test the fairness of both sides in their arguments, or statements.

If your readers will examine the reports of last year by the treasurer and auditor they will know whether I am "grossly in error," or you. The treasurer's report is general, covering about five pages. The auditor's report is particular, covering over 100 pages. The report required before election, not only requires a particular account of receipts and expenditures, but a schedule of the city property and the city debt. Now the treasurer's report does not contain any such schedule, nor proposes to, while that of the auditor does, showing it very clearly, therefore you are the one who is mistaken, at least so it seems to me.

D. J. BARBER.

THE TRANSCRIPT prints the petition of the charter that Mr. Barber asks for. It is as follows:—"The auditor shall have charge of all revenue and expenditure accounts of the city and shall keep a set of books showing in detail the revenue and expenditures of the city. He shall examine all pay rolls, bills or demands rendered against the city, and all orders or votes of the city council for the payment of money, and shall see that they have been incurred with due authority, that they are properly approved by some person authorized thereto, and that the clerical computations are correct. He shall see that vouchers are prepared in due form and that the same are duly recorded and distributed to their proper account. If he approves of a bill, pay roll or demand he shall endorse it with his certificate of approval and shall cause an abstract of the same to be entered on a book kept for that purpose, and shall pass it to the treasurer for payment. He shall perform such other duties as from time to time shall be assigned him by the city council. In case of the disability or absence of the auditor, the president of the council shall appoint an auditor pro tempore, who shall be duly qualified."

The reason THE TRANSCRIPT called the attention of Mr. Barber to this section was because it defined the duties of the auditor and among these duties there is no mention of the publishing of his report 10 days before election. Mr. Barber is right in saying that the discussion on the point of publishing the report 10 days before election is narrowed down to the words from Section 16 of the charter which he quotes. It seems that if the charter intended that the auditor's report should have been issued 10 days before election that the clause would have designated the auditor's report and not have named a "particular" report, thereby discriminating as to what kind of a report should be published.

Arrested For Larceny.

Fred Mattison was in court this morning charged with larceny. It appeared that the defendant was employed to carry a desk to Williamstown. He carried the desk and was paid something less than \$5 for it. The money belonged to R. W. Feder, who sold the desk. Mr. Mattison did not give the money to Mr. Feder but spent it for liquor so Mr. Feder claimed. The case will be continued until Tuesday morning when the charge will be changed from larceny to embezzlement. The defendant was placed under \$100 bonds.

Miss Lillian Byars of Housick Falls, N. Y., was the guest of friends in this city Christmas day.

WOULD LIKE HIS PROPERTY.

A Bear Traveling the Mountains With One of Mr. Wright's Traps.

John B. Wright of Williamstown, the veteran bear trapper of Berkshire county, trapped a bear about three weeks ago in the "Forks" region. It was without doubt a big fellow, for after breaking down a number of small trees the bear broke the chain attached to the trap and got away. Mr. Wright has been sick ever since and unable to hunt down the bear, as he would probably have had little trouble in doing if he had been able to tramp the mountains. He believes the bear is still in the region and that it was seen lately by a man going over the mountain from Stamford to Pownal, Vt. Mr. Wright says the trap is worth \$25 and that he would be willing to pay \$5 for its return in case any hunter should happen to get the bear. Mr. Wright is now out again. He has not regained his strength, but is steadily improving, and if the bear is not soon captured by some one else Mr. Wright will probably be in condition to attend to the matter himself.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN ADAMS.

George Beth Dies as the Result of a Fall Last Thursday.

George Beth, a Poland, 40 years old, met with an accident Thursday evening which resulted in sudden death. He was the proprietor of a boarding house on Summer street in Adams and while intoxicated at his home he fell down a short flight of stairs and was picked up unconscious.

The people of the house did not think that he was seriously hurt and so no physician was summoned until Friday morning. When the doctor called he at once saw that the man was in a very critical condition and several Adams physicians attended the man.

He died Friday evening and later Medical Examiner O. J. Brown of this city was summoned. After his examination he pronounced death due to alcoholism followed by concussion occasioned by the fall. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon.

Boinay Betting Ready.

Boinay, the convicted murderer of Marcus Nichols, is trying to settle his earthly accounts as rapidly as possible. When taken to the state prison, he asked that the gold chain which he secured in the robbery of a man named Bull in North Penn., be sent to the owner. The chain will be forwarded to County Detective Sullivan, who has promised to see that it is sent to Mr. Bull. Boinay has worn the chain since the hold-up, which was shortly after the murder of Mr. Nichols. He put his soft hat into his overcoat pocket and asked that the two be sent to his brother in Brooklyn. Boinay has asked that he may on the day of his execution be permitted to wear the coat and vest taken from him at the prison. The coat is a black cutaway and is the one in which Boinay was married. He wore it on the morning he was sentenced.

District Court.

The following cases were in court this morning: Fred Mattison, larceny, continued until Tuesday morning under \$100 bonds.

Charles Edgerton, larceny, continued until January 1.

Julian Mazaroni and Peter Dalea, drunkenness, continued until December 20.

John Battis, keeping a liquor nuisance, continued until January 10.

Dennis Murley, drunkenness, 30 days in the house of correction.

Patrick Barneel, drunkenness, fined \$5.

John Reagar, drunkenness, placed on probation.

A Kind Act.

Father Burke of this city has a warm heart, and his kind deeds make many a sad heart lighter and many a rough road smoother. Mr. Tilley, who is in charge of the city farm, reports that on Christmas eve a large package was received by the inmates of the institution which contained a generous supply of many good things, among them being candy, nuts, oranges and cigars,—a treat for those who seldom have known a luxury in all their lives. That there was gratitude for Fr. Burke at the poor farm need not be added. They have been recipients of his kindness before.

Farmers' Institute.

The third farmers' institute of the Housack Valley Agricultural society for the year 1897 will be held Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock in Grange hall, Williamstown. The speaker will be Elbridge Cushman of Middleboro, Mass., whose subject will be "The Business Side of Farming." Mr. Cushman is an able and interesting speaker and the meeting will be worthy the attention of farmers of this section. All are invited to attend and the ladies will also be welcome.

Death of John Harper.

John Harper, formerly of this city, died Sunday at South Deerfield. A dispatch was received Saturday night announcing that he was very low, and another came Sunday bringing the news of his death. Mr. Harper leaves a number of sons and daughters. One son, Alfred Harper, went to South Deerfield today to bring the remains to this city for interment. Mr. Harper was about 70 years old.

Private Hop This Evening.

A private hop will be held in Grand Army hall this evening when the Misses Bessie Cutting, Harriet Sperry, May and Alice Rice will entertain friends. The patronesses are Mrs. Cutting, Mrs. John A. Rice and Mrs. Sperry. Schubert's orchestra will furnish music.

Nervous people find relief by enriching their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is the one true blood purifier and nerve tonic.

CHRISTMAS PLEASURES

How the "Merry" Festival of the Year Was Passed By Local People.

REAL HOLIDAY WEATHER

Makes the Day a Happy One for Everybody. Skating the Out-of-Door Feature of the Day. Christmas Services in all the Churches.

There was nothing but the lack of sleigh bells to prevent Saturday from being a perfect Christmas. The weather was clear and glorious, real old fashioned holiday weather, and plenty of good skating took the place of the sleighing. The coming of Christmas on Saturday makes a double holiday of it, since the Sunday services in all the churches were given up largely to Christmas music, and the second day was almost as much of a celebration as the first. Saturday was observed at the Catholic and Episcopal churches with special services, but the principal celebrations were in the homes. It was the children's day supreme, and most of them began it in the early hours of the morning and kept up the interest till the Christmas dinner put them in a more reflective mood. There was very little doing on the streets, but hundreds took advantage of the skating on the ponds around the city and the street cars were crowded with young people in the afternoon. The Bartlett ponds and the Housack Valley park pond drew the largest crowds, but many smaller ponds were covered with skaters.

The chief point of interest outside of the homes was at the Columbia theater, where two large audiences filled the house for the last performances of the Miles Ideal Stock company. In the afternoon the comedy drama "Unknown" drew much laughter and applause from the crowd, and in the evening the company presented what they consider their best effort, "The U. S. Life Guard." The company has drawn good houses during its engagement here and ended their successful week with creditable performances for a low priced attraction.

At the hotels the day was quiet, but cheerful. The Wilson house provided an excellent welcome for its guests at the table, and the landlords were complimented heartily on the success of their cooks. In addition to the regular guests a number of families from this city and Adams took dinner there. The clubs passed a quiet day, and little was done except to provide light refreshments for the members who dropped in to exchange Christmas greetings and stories. The Dry club entertained friends at their hall on Holden street Christmas night. During the evening songs were rendered by the hosts together with buck and wing dancing and other amusements. A specialty was a cake walk between T. Fitzgerald and J. J. Ryan as Rastus and Coo Johnson and J. C. Wilcox and Thomas Gorry as George Washington Smith and Hettie Brown. The cake was awarded to the former couple by competent judges. All who attended thoroughly enjoyed the evening's entertainment.

There was good cheer at the hospital and the city farm, which many friends helped to increase for the inmates. At the hospital an entertainment was provided Saturday evening, consisting of music and stories, and gifts were provided for all. At the city farm all the inmates received gifts, and a big Christmas dinner helped them to enjoy the season.

Open House at the Y. M. C. A.
The Y. M. C. A. kept open house Saturday, and in the evening gave a special Christmas entertainment. It was "ladies' night," and about 150 people were present. The program printed in Friday's TRANSCRIPT was rendered, and all who took part pleased the audience with their selections. The association orchestra assisted in the program. Afterwards a social time was enjoyed, and the occasion proved a pleasant Christmas affair.

At the Catholic Churches.
The beautiful Christmas services of the Catholic churches on Saturday drew large audiences, many Protestants attending them for the special music. There were largely attended masses from 6:30 to 10:30 o'clock and at St. Francis' church the vesper service filled the auditorium to the doors. The church was prettily decorated, the principal feature being the reproduction of the scene of the Child Christ with his mother in the manger, which was beautifully done by the sisters of St. Joseph. High mass was said by Rev. C. E. Burke at 5:30, and by Rev. J. J. Donnelly at 10:30. At 8:30 Rev. George Flynn conducted the children's mass at which the children's choir sang. The vesper service at 7:30 in the evening was the occasion of some unusually fine music. The choir was directed by Rev. J. J. Donnelly, and the harp playing of Miss Margaret E. McNulty of Boston, formerly of this city, was a pleasing feature. Rev. C. E. Burke said the vespers and Rev. George Flynn preached a strong Christmas sermon.

The Protestant Churches.
St. John's church was the only one which held special services on Saturday. Holy communion was celebrated at 7 o'clock, and at 10:30 o'clock morning prayer was held with a Christmas sermon by Rev. J. C. Tebbetts, and an excellent musical program by the choir of over 30 voices. The same music was repeated on Sunday.

The Christmas services of the other churches were all held Sunday morning and the programs already published were carried out. The audiences were large, and the special music was unusually fine in all the churches. Sermons were all on the story of the birth of Christ and the lessons of Christmas time. The Sunday schools also had special features for the day, although their regular Christmas exercises are held at other times.

The Choir Association Concert.
The largest audience that ever attended a religious service in this city filled the Methodist church Sunday evening for the Christmas concert of the united choirs. By 7 o'clock every seat was filled and extra chairs were brought in as much as possible. In spite of this many stood

through the long program, and a large number were unable to secure even desirable places to stand and went away. It was a great tribute to the success of the series of services under the choir, of which this was the third. The program was long, but was thoroughly enjoyed by the whole audience. The work of the large chorus was especially fine, and the many voices under the conductorship of Mr. Howes, were brought out in well trained unison. The prelude from Lohengrin, played by Mr. Smith, was a fitting introduction to the program which followed. The quartet consisting of Miss Arnold, Miss Reagan, Mr. Marriott and Mr. Hunter, sang two selections, accompanied by Mr. Hadfield. Mr. Jones played the offertory and the hymns and Mr. Tower accompanied for the anthems. The solo of Miss Arnold, "The Chimes of Christmas," was beautifully rendered, accompanied on the violin by Mr. Marriott.

The address of the service was made by Rev. Francis T. Brown, and was an excellent Christmas sermon. He spoke of the joy of the season, which could be marred only by sin or by doubt, each of which could be taken away by the love of Christ. During the service Rev. W. L. Tenney spoke on Guiltless, who will play in the Methodist church January 11. He said that Guiltless would be held in rank with the greatest organists the world has ever known, and urged all to embrace the opportunity of hearing him while they were able. It is a compliment to the city, he said, that we are able to secure such an organist, and it should be appreciated.

GIVES HIS SALARY AGAIN.

Mayor Houghton Drains His Check for \$1000 for the Hospital.

Mrs. C. H. Williams, president of the Hospital Board of Control, today received Mayor Houghton's check for \$1000 for the hospital, this being the amount of his salary as mayor.

This is the second time that Mayor Houghton has generously contributed his mayoralty salary to the hospital cause. That is a generous Christmas gift and one that is much appreciated by the ladies whose strenuous efforts make the hospital possible, need not be said. It is appreciated, too, by the many recipients of the hospital's good works and charity. Mayor Houghton has given one more signal proof of his being the city's foremost benefactor.

Death of Mrs. E. C. Smith.

Mrs. E. C. Smith, mother of W. A. Smith of 25 Hall street, died at 1 o'clock this afternoon at the home of her son, with whom she had lived for about five years. She had been ill with heart trouble for four weeks, but until Sunday morning her condition had not been considered serious. Since then, however, she had failed rapidly. Mrs. Smith was born in Hancock 63 years ago, and lived there until the death of her husband, Dwight Smith, about 23 years ago. She lived in Pittsfield for about 20 years after that, and was a member of the Baptist church there. She had made her home in this city for the most part of the last five years, although she had been with other sons, Dr. J. G. Smith of New York city and J. D. Smith of Ware, some of the time. She was well known here and had many friends. The funeral will probably be held Thursday, and the remains will be taken to Hancock for burial.

"Mission" in St. John's Church.

Rev. J. C. Tebbetts is planning for a 10 days mission to be held in St. John's church from January 15 to 27. The services will be conducted by Rev. E. W. Tompkins, rector of Grace church in Providence. A "mission" is more than a revival, although somewhat like it. It aims not only to make new conversions, but to revive in the spiritual life those who already profess Christianity. Rev. Mr. Tompkins is a noted worker along these lines, and much good is anticipated from the meetings, to which all will be invited, whether members of other churches or not. Four services will be held every day, and volunteers for the special mission choir are being solicited.

On Short Time.

The Blackinton mills started this morning on short time, the working hours will be seven hours a day for five days, three hours and 40 minutes on Saturdays. It is thought short time will not last very long as the heavy-weight season will open about the middle of January, and as it is expected that the Blackinton mills is soon to ship the most extensive and desirable line of goods ever sent out, all Blackinton people hope for good business the coming season.

Lost A Finger.

J. Chatter of 22 River street, who is employed in W. G. Cady's shoe shop on Ashland street, met with a painful accident this morning. His right hand was caught in a machine and the fourth finger cut off. Dr. Mignault attended him.

His Income.

James Payn tells of a well known singer many years ago who in the pride of his heart greatly exaggerated to the tax collector his own assessment. "The fact is," he confessed to the commissioners, "I have not 1,000 pence of certain income." "But are you not stage manager to the opera house?" "Yes, but there is no salary attached to it." "But you teach?" "Yes, but I have no pupils." "Then you are a concert singer?" "True, but I have no engagements." "At all events you have a very good salary at Drury Lane." "A very good one, but then it's never paid." Under these circumstances the tax was remitted.

Insulted Him.

Ferry—What was the matter with Johnson last night that he should get insulted when I asked him to drink? His is not a total abstinence, is he? Wallace—It was the way you put the question. He is subject to attacks of kleptomania, and when you asked him if he "wasn't beginning to feel like taking something" he got hurt, very naturally.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE NEW MEMBER

How Congressman George P. Lawrence Likes Washington and His New Duties.

ONE CONSTITUENTS' OPINION

The Way Colonel Olin Looks on the Matter. Joseph's G. Cannon's Good Story. Located at the Hamilton With Dingley and Others.

Congressman George P. Lawrence is at his home in North Adams for the holidays, and is kept busy shaking hands with his friends and telling them all about the sensations experienced in being a new member of the national House of Representatives. The congressman has had his geniality developed, if anything, with his short experience in Washington and seems to bear well the burdens of state. Mr. Lawrence was seen by a Republican reporter yesterday and was quite willing to talk of his impressions of Congress and the sensation of being new to it.

"I have enjoyed," he says "my short experience in Congress. The members of the Massachusetts delegation gave me a most cordial reception and have been very kind in introducing me to members of the House. I have had the temerity to say 'Mr. Speaker' and have been recognized as the 'gentleman from Massachusetts,' so that I begin to feel somewhat at home, and when I return after the holidays shall not be quite so much of a stranger in a strange land, although I must admit that I am a very 'new' congressman. I called on Col. Olin, our secretary of state, on my way to Washington. The colonel is always frank and encouraging. His parting words were: 'I lived in Washington for 10 years and I must say that there's no one in the world who amounts to so little as a new congressman.' I have found that there was a grain of truth in what the colonel said. Our catching Congress is entering upon a new business in a new world and must be content to begin at the bottom round of the ladder. He is not expected to tell the officials how to run the government. It's a good deal like being a freshman at college. However, I have found that the men of our service, the leaders of the House, are very approachable and willing to give suggestions and lend a helping hand to the new man, who doesn't know it all, and I hope to be of some service to the people who have honored me with their support."

Congressman Lawrence is at the Hamilton when in Washington, and is under the same roof with Mr. Dingley of Maine. There are 19 congressmen at the Hamilton, a number being Messrs. Barrett and Newcomb of Massachusetts, Russell and Hill of the Connecticut delegation and both of the members from Rhode Island. The social side of life in Washington is Congressional Lawrence, and the reports are that he is still in the faculty of making friends and the genius for telling a good story. The congressman tells one that he has borrowed from Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois, who has had 25 years' experience in the House. Congressman Cannon had been a Western Massachusetts man and was known as "Sallows Falls," so Congressman Lawrence learned from him the other day, as he rode with him from Washington to New York. Mr. Cannon was traveling in an accommodation train and a man of the region got on the train and sat down beside the congressman, Mr. Cannon, to start up a conversation, said, "I see you raise tobacco here." "Yes," replied the man. "Do you do anything else?" Inquired the congressman, who was not just satisfied with the way his companion was warming up. "Yes, we say grace before we eat, we hold family worship and read The Springfield Republican."

One of his friends, to whom Congressman Lawrence had confided the Col. Olin encouraging remark about the "new" congressman, tried to "jolly" the congressman a little about his "greenness." The congressman convinced him that at least one of his constituents had confidence in his ability to represent the 1st district in a telling way, if he was "new." He drew from his pocket a letter from one of his constituents and read, in his most dignified way, the closing paragraph, which is as follows: "Now, my dear friend, take good care of your health; but when in the capital city carry yourself in such a stately way that when you pass down Pennsylvania avenue the natives will say: 'There goes Lawrence from Massachusetts. Look, quick!'"—Springfield Republican.

Notice to Playgoers.

Owing to the fact that all entertainments at the Columbia opera house do not close at the same hour, the street railway company will not hold the 10:45 car later than 10:10. If people attending entertainments cannot catch that car an extra will be run at 11:10 or at the close of the entertainment.

The Long Debate About Plasters

ended years ago in the professional and popular decision that in counter-irritant properties and in high and scientific medication

Benson's

are the only porous plasters which can be implicitly trusted to afford quick relief and cure in Muscular Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Pleurisy, Lung and Chest Pains, Pneumonia, Asthma, etc. The general opinion will also be

Your Opinion

contributing them. Imitations and substitutions are numerous and unscrupulously advertised. Ask for Benson's and make sure you get the Genuine. Price 25c. Searby & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N.Y.